654743
AUG 01 87
JAN 10 1986
WITHDRAWN

The Nation.

January 11, 1986 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

ENDLESS ENEMIES

A note found on the body of one of the terrorists slain at the Rome airport after a murderous rampage triumphantly proclaimed, "The war has begun!" It was wrong. The war began so long ago and has accumulated so many massacres that it is now impossible to imagine first causes, to appoint ultimate blame, to fix final responsibility. Indeed, the war in the Middle East, hardly a two-sided affair but a kind of Hobbesian fray of all-against-all, proceeds by incidents of retaliation and recrimination. It is all no more than madness, but the method in it is supplied by the powerful actors behind the scenes.

Behind the bloodbaths in Italy and Austria, political forces in Syria, Israel and Jordan are maneuvering to take advantage of another sudden spasm of fear and outrage. In the constantly shifting balance of power, Syria is currently ascendant. President Hafez al-Assad has arranged a peace treaty among factions in Beirut, has moved missiles into southern Lebanon against U.S. and Israeli objections, has met with King Hussein and is bidding to serve as spokesman for Arab interests—including Palestinian and Jordanian.

Israel seems stymied for the moment by Syria's audacity and in fact plays into Assad's hands by concentrating its anger on the P.L.O. In the aftermath of the airport attacks, Yasir Arafat is weak and vulnerable, but he represents a constituency vital to any political settlement in the area. To destroy him is, in effect, to decide against the elusive peace process and opt for another major war—this time against Syria. Washington and Moscow watch, wait and place their bets. Terrorism by now may be a cruel fact of life in the region, but it is clear that resolutions to the political problems can only come when all those parties face one another with the will to end the war they so long have fueled.

CREATIONISM
Neil Postman
Marc Postman

CHANGE IN BIG LABOR
Harold Meyerson

GOV. EDWARDS VS. THE FEDS
Lance Hill

FEMALE FORMS
Maureen Mullarkey

ELLIPTICAL BIOGRAPHY
Terrence Rafferty

EXISTENTIAL HORSE OPERA
Andrew Kopkind

GEOPOLITICAL THOUGHTS

REQUIEM FOR THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

The following article is adapted from a speech Gore Vidal delivered this past November at an "author's evening" sponsored by PEN American Center in New York City. Appearing on the same program and largely agreeing with him was Norman Mailer. But newspaper reports of the affair focused on the two writers' past tiffs rather than the substance of their remarks, which contained some political proposals. Here is what Vidal said. —*The Editors*

GORE VIDAL

On September 16, 1985, when the Commerce Department announced that the United States had become a debtor nation, the American Empire died. The empire was seventy-one years old and had been in ill health since 1968. Like most modern empires, ours rested not so much on military prowess as on economic primacy.

After the French Revolution, the world money power shifted from Paris to London. For three generations, the British maintained an old-fashioned colonial empire, as well as a modern empire based on London's primacy in the money markets. Then, in 1914, New York replaced London as the world's financial capital. Before 1914, the United States had been a developing country, dependent on outside investment. But with the shift of the money power from Old World to New, what had been a debtor nation became a creditor nation and central motor to the world's economy. All in all, the English were well pleased to have us take their place. They were too few in number for so big a task. As early as the turn of the century, they were eager for us not only to help them out financially but to

(*Continued on Page 15*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCHANGE.

THE SANDINISTAS & THE MISKITOS

San Francisco

I have spent a great part of the past four years in the Miskito region of Nicaragua, having worked with Miskitos at the international level since 1977. Since November 1984, I have also traveled to the Mosquitia of Honduras, at the invitation of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. On my most recent trip there, I traveled through the refugee camps of Miskitos from Nicaragua with Misurasata organizers. I have done this in the context of more than a decade of work at the international level to promote the rights of Indian peoples of the hemisphere.

I was surprised by Penny Lernoux's articles on the Miskitos ["Strangers in a Familiar Land," Sept. 14, and "The Indians and the Commandantes," Sept. 28]. Certainly, attention needs to be paid to the critical situation of the Miskito people, embroiled in the conflict in Central America. However, Lernoux's articles are not helpful; indeed, they are misleading and dangerous. Her failure to provide an objective account seems rooted in her lack of experience and knowledge of the region and the people, never having visited the Mosquitia of Nicaragua or Honduras. Nor has she verified information provided to her by officials of Misurasata in Washington.

Lernoux states that "one of the most common misconceptions in the United States is that because some Miskitos have sided with the *contras* they are all counterrevolutionaries." She says that this is not true and that only a minority of Miskitos have sided with the *contras*. That simplistic explanation ignores the complex issue of C.I.A. intervention, the accompanying psychological warfare and the impact on the Miskitos themselves and on international public opinion. There have been some 4,000 to 6,000 Miskito Indians in arms (Misurasata and Misura) against the Sandinistas. Whatever their reasons for taking up arms, it must be asked, From where do these arms and training come? The answer is that they come from the *contras*, supplied by the United States. The Nicaraguan government has long said that it does not consider Miskitos, Sumus and other coastal people who have taken up arms to be counterrevolutionaries. The problem, then, is the context of the counterrevolution, not whether one or another individual Miskito or organization is counterrevolutionary.

In characterizing the return of Miskitos to their ancestral homes on the Coco River border as "unexpected," Lernoux accepts the notion that the Miskitos were vindictively relocated by the Sandinistas in 1982. Yet from the moment of the evacuations of those communities, the government insisted that the action was done for the protection of the civilians caught in the crossfire of the counterrevolutionary attacks and that the people would be able to return once the danger subsided. Lernoux states that clashes in 1981 between Misurasata and the Sandinistas were "spontaneous." Yet it is well known that Misurasata was tightly controlled by Steadman Fagoth at the time of those early clashes and—Lernoux admits, as do Misurasata and Misura—that Fagoth was working with the Somocistas and the C.I.A. from the beginning. Fagoth is a charismatic, persuasive personality who intimidated other Misurasata leaders and commanded a considerable following among the population. What was spontaneous was the Miskitos' struggle for their just historical rights, but it is crucial to see how that struggle, unleashed by the Sandinista revolution, has been manipulated by the counterrevolution. It cannot be denied that the intervention of the counterrevolution set back the Sandinistas' perception and understanding of the indigenous issues involved; for a time they collapsed the just claims of the Indians with the counterrevolution. The Sandinistas admit to this error. However, clearly they have recovered perspective and have separated just demands from counterrevolution. That was demonstrated by the general amnesty for all Miskitos in November 1983, the opening of negotiations with Misurasata in mid-1984 and with Misura in May 1985.

Lernoux says she was surprised by the Sandinista program to return the Miskitos to the river because "fighting is as sustained as it was in 1982, when the *contra* threat impelled the Sandinistas to evacuate the Indians." That is factually incorrect. Except for a couple of minor incidents, there has not been a shot fired in the region for four months. Although Lernoux mentions the May 1985 agreements reached between the Sandinistas and the Misura commanders operating inside Nicaragua, she seems unaware that the cease-fire has continued to be respected. I recently spent a good deal of time with the Misura commanders and their followers discussing the cease-fire, autonomy and Indian rights issues inside Nicaragua. They are fully armed and operate freely in the Miskito communities. Negotiations are taking place to divide security authority between the Sandinista military and the Misura military in the northern region.

Regarding the return to the river, Lernoux states that because the Indians received so little government aid, most people were forced to walk. That is also false. I have witnessed the return, as have numerous international observers and reporters. There is no denying the hardships involved, given the economic limitations of the government, but no one has walked. More trucks are needed to speed up the process, and motorboats are needed to return the people to the villages above Leimus since there are no roads. As of early September, 5,193 of 17,000 Miskitos displaced inside Nicaragua have returned to their communities. Each returnee is provided with basic necessities, and food is guaranteed for nine months. However, international assistance is desperately needed, and for that reason, regional government officials have traveled to Canada and Europe as part of a campaign for assistance. Indigenous World has launched a $1 million emergency assistance campaign.

Finally, Lernoux states that "the Sandinistas must prove that Nicaraguan socialism can tolerate a separate cultural and ethnic identity." From my experience with the Sandinistas, I feel they are willing to meet that challenge and are meeting it. As North Americans, we must be equally responsible to demonstrate that, as anti-imperialists, we can prevent U.S. intervention and manipulation. Lernoux refers to the U.S.-organized counterrevolution. That afterthought does not properly bring into perspective the "sideshow" C.I.A. program to destabilize the border regions of Nicaragua permanently, which automatically involves the Miskito people, who geographically and culturally overlap the Nicaraguan-Honduran border.

Roxanne Dunbar Ortiz
Director, Indigenous World

LERNOUX REPLIES

Bogotá, Colombia

Roxanne Dunbar Ortiz has consistently misrepresented the Miskito position to the U.S. left and, in the words of one Indian leader, "has done more damage to the Miskito cause—and the Sandinistas—than any other person." Her letter is typical of the half-truths and untruths she peddles on behalf of Indigenous World, which has no support from Indian communities.

Contrary to her assertions, I have traveled extensively in the Indian territories of Zelaya. I interviewed Misurasata officials not in Washington but in Bogotá, as indicated by the dateline on my stories. Verification for Misurasata claims is provided by documentation from the International Work Group for Indigenous Affairs (I.W.G.I.A.) in Denmark; the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights (I.A.C.H.R.) of the Organization of American States; Americas Watch; *Akwesasne Notes* (Mohawk Nation); *Cultural Survival* in Cambridge, Mass.; and an excellent paper presented by Margaret Wilde at the International Studies Association in Washington in March 1985. (Wilde was founder of the human rights lobby for Paraguay and has worked extensively with the Miskito communities in Nicaragua.)

Dunbar Ortiz is guilty of her own charge of simplism in attempting to explain the

(Continued on Page 28

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 242, Number 1

EXCHANGE

2 *Roxanne Dunbar Ortiz, Penny Lernoux*

EDITORIALS

1 Endless Enemies
3 The Big Sellout
4 "Down With Misery!"
5 Trillin and Us
5 Teach Creationism *Neil Postman and Marc Postman*

COLUMNS

6 Minority Report *Christopher Hitchens*
7 Uncivil Liberties *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES

1 Geopolitical Thoughts: Requiem for the American Empire *Gore Vidal*
8 A.F.L.-C.I.O. Convention: Winds of Change in Big Labor *Harold Meyerson*
10 Cajun Populism on Trial: Gov. Edwards Smites the Feds *Lance Hill*
12 Slender Threads: Tenant Uprising *John Atlas*
Tools for Peace *Matthew Behrens*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

20 Warner: Monuments & Maidens: The Allegory of the Female Form *Maureen Mullarkey*
23 Conroy: Midair *Terrence Rafferty*
25 Films *Andrew Kopkind*
27 Music *Frank Rose*

Drawings by Marshall Arisman

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors,* Elsa Dixler, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Maria Margaronis; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editor,* Judith Long; *Editorial Secretary,* Marpessa Dawn Outlaw; *Interns,* Gwen Bondi (Washington), Richard Cranmer, Vania Del Borgo, Ted Jin, Robert Morrissey, Jim Naureckas, Joseph R. Puterbaugh, Margo Schneidman; *On leave,* Kai Bird, Katha Pollitt.

Departments: Art, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Films,* Andrew Kopkind; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* Evan Eisenberg, David Hamilton; *Theater,* Paul Berman; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Capitol Letter*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Micah L. Sifry; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* David Acker, Randall Cherry; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. and © 1986 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Office*: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington DC 20002 (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $45; two years, $81. Add $7 per year for postage in Canada, Mexico; $13 per year for other foreign. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publications date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

The Big Sellout

Ever on the lookout for new ways to raise cash and cut deficits without commandeering corporate coffers or taxing the higher brackets, the Reagan Administration is seriously considering the sale of those few choice enterprises still held by the Federal government. No cow is too sacred to go on the block. Thomas Moore, an economist who heads the White House working group on privatization, dreams of a gigantic national yard sale with such big-ticket items as the Tennessee Valley Authority, Amtrak, Dulles Airport, the Federal Housing Administration, Naval Petroleum Reserves, Postal Service (or if there are no buyers, just the profitable Express Mail), the NASA space shuttle program and the huge Federal portfolio of direct loans—a banking enterprise worth almost a quarter of a trillion dollars.

Reaganites and their conservative forebears have talked of such divestitures for years; one of Lyndon Johnson's hottest issues in the 1964 election was raised by Barry Goldwater's somewhat offhand suggestion that the T.V.A. be sold to the private power industry. But the various government programs likely to be put up for grabs have important political constituencies, not only among liberals and consumers but in the very boardrooms where potential buyers might be found. The economic purpose of these public investments was to stabilize the capitalist system in its

The Sherrod Library East Tennessee State University Johnson City, Tennessee 37614 JAN 10 1986

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moments of disarray and at its points of weakness, to create demand when that side of the balance was low and to fill needs that private investment could not profitably meet. It was never—*pace* the Heritage Foundation—to send socialism, creeping or trotting, into American life. To the extent that real purposes are served, divestiture would surely create some chaos in the system. Selling the F.H.A. would discombobulate the banking and home-building industries. Selling the Postal Service, or part of it, would wreak havoc in communications, publishing, direct mail and attendant businesses. Selling power authorities would visit devastation on the regional industrial infrastructures that have developed in their watersheds.

On the other hand, many of the enterprises have proved a mixed blessing at best, both economically and socially. The F.H.A. is in good measure responsible for the development of postwar suburbia, including its sprawl, its consumer culture, its racism and its class bias. After all, the F.H.A. invented the practice of "redlining" to keep blacks out of the suburban communities it financed. The T.V.A., which was expected to build a new populist consciousness, enabling poor people in the lower Appalachians to participate in the development of their region, turned into a bureaucratic monster with an atomic appetite, no more accessible than its private counterparts. Federal lenders foreclose as heartlessly as private ones. Amtrak was a lemon when the government took it over, and it's still as sour now. It's possible that services would be cut, prices raised and priorities skewed if all those enterprises were privatized, but it's not certain that all the results would be bad. The American Civil Liberties Union's satirical offer to buy the Justice Department makes some sense. As executive director Ira Glasser pointed out, "Civil rights lawyers are increasingly functioning as 'private attorneys-general,' enforcing laws that the Justice Department is failing to enforce. We might as well go all the way."

But the worst thing about the White House plan, even if, as seems likely, it is never fully implemented, is its ideological consequences. Privatization is not simply a device for economic engineering but an entire social project. The Reagan right would rule by fostering competition in place of collective efforts, by ordering private values over communal ones, by sanctifying greed and demeaning equality. It favors subsidies, both financial and moral, to those institutions that foster its ends: private schools, fundamentalist churches, racially exclusive agencies, the military, patriotic organizations, the free market.

It is a pity that public institutions that can demonstrate to Americans the value of communal activity have been allowed to decay, to become inefficient or to abandon their proper function. Democrats and liberals have no one to blame but themselves for the bad name "big government" has acquired because they have allowed the government they controlled for so many decades to abandon the functions that justified its precedence over private activity.

It may be that Reagan is, once again, raising hopes for the right that he has no intention of fulfilling. But even in outline his plans carry ideological weight, and he knows that his opposition is too unsure of itself to offer any alternatives.

'Down With Misery!'

The recent wave of protests in Haiti could mark the beginning of the end for the government of President J.-C. (Baby Doc) Duvalier, many Haitians believe. The dictator's fate depends in part on continuing economic aid from the United States, France, Canada, West Germany and other countries, which contribute more than one-third of the country's annual budget of approximately $400 million. The donor nations have made their subsidies conditional on Haiti's improving its human rights record. It was hoped this financial "carrot" would persuade Duvalier, who has ruled Haiti for nearly fifteen years, to liberalize the tyrannical system he inherited from his father and avert a leftist revolution. Thus far, however, Duvalier has taken the carrot but continued to use the stick on his people. Each liberalizing gesture he has made has been followed by a government crackdown.

The latest outbreak began November 27 in Gonaïves, about eighty miles from Port-au-Prince. More than 1,000 slum dwellers poured into the streets shouting, "Down With Misery!" and "Down With the Presidency for Life!" The following day, thousands of students there held a demonstration and troops were called in to put it down. According to witnesses, soldiers shot two students—one of whom was just a bystander—and beat a third to death. The killings provoked demonstrations in other major cities, including the capital. Thousands of students stayed away from school and some teachers went into hiding from Duvalier's security agents. A principal of a school near Gonaïves was arrested December 15 and died in police custody. As part of the crackdown, the government closed the popular Radio Soleil, run by the Catholic Church.

Also arrested was Hubert de Ronceray, a professor of law and sociology who served as labor and social affairs minister in the 1970s and has since become the most outspoken opposition leader. De Ronceray was apprehended on December 5. The following day, the city's police chief, Albert (Little Fire) Pierre, claimed that officers had found subversive literature in de Ronceray's home. Sylvio Claude, head of the tiny Christian Democratic Party, managed to avoid soldiers and police who raided his house.

Aggravating the widespread popular discontent with the repressive regime was a sudden gasoline and fuel oil shortage, which came about because Haiti lacked sufficient foreign exchange. At the time, the President's wife, Michelle, was on a shopping spree in Paris, spending badly needed dollars on a new winter wardrobe.

On December 17, Foreign Minister Jean-Robert Estimé met with Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Elliott Abrams to plead against a cutoff of U.S. aid to Haiti. After the meeting, the Haitian government announced that the death of the principal would be investigated and that those responsible for killing the students in Gonaïves would be placed on trial. But Duvalier's latest pledges of good behavior are as worthless as his previous ones. The donor countries must decide whether they want to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continue supporting a dictatorship that skims off the money they send and uses it for high living.

Trillin and Us

In "Uncivil Liberties" this week Calvin Trillin tries to announce his resignation from this magazine. His many fans, some of whom live outside Kansas City, Missoura, will be glad to hear that we refused to accept it. It's true that Trillin will begin writing a nationally syndicated column to appear weekly in newspapers around the country, which means he can no longer write his columns solely for us. But in a bold negotiating stroke, which will undoubtedly be the subject of a future Trillin blast, we have persuaded the syndicate to award us the exclusive magazine rights to his column, which will begin in April. So we will continue to publish Trillin and will only have to pay what *The Tuscaloosa News* and Iowa *Stock Breeder* will, rather than an amount in the upper two figures.

Actually, Trillin's accession to nationally syndicated columnhood is long overdue. American newspaper readers need his drolleries, and we know that *Nation* readers, a public-spirited lot, would not want to continue to monopolize him. We are proud to have carried him these past seven years and are glad that the rest of the country will at last bear its fair share of the financial burden.

Teach Creationism

Why do we want to see creation-science in public schools? First, we feel that the students have the right to know. At present, few students are exposed to the weaknesses of evolution, let alone to the data supporting the creation-science alternative. Including creation-science in a balanced approach would keep both positions honest.

—George E. Hahn
Phi Delta Kappan, *April 1982*

Much to the puzzlement of liberals and other lovers of learning, as fundamentalists grow in number they also grow in sophistication. Indeed, the quotation above is a fair sample of the position of many creation scientists in their effort to intrude their view on the educational process. Thus a few words are in order, addressed to those who worry about academic freedom, separation of church and state and other tender mercies offered by an open society. These are the words: With enemies like creation scientists, liberals don't need friends. The trouble is they don't seem to know it.

Specifically, scientists, science teachers and other educators should join with George E. Hahn in asking that evolution be presented in school as theory and that creation science be presented as an alternative theory. That is because Darwin's explanation of how evolution happened is a theory. So is the updated version of Darwin, and so is Lamarck's explanation, which had at least one intellectually respectable defender in Arthur Koestler. Even the "fact" that evolution occurred is based on high levels of inference and supposition. Fossil remains, for example, are sometimes ambiguous in their meaning and have generated diverse interpretations.

Of course, the story told by creationists is also a theory. That a theory has its origin in a religious metaphor or belief is irrelevant. Not only was Newton a religious mystic but his conception of the universe as a kind of mechanical clock, constructed and set in motion by God, is about as religious an idea as you can find.

More to the point is the question, To what extent does a theory meet scientific criteria? The dispute between evolutionists and creation scientists offers textbook writers and teachers a wonderful opportunity to provide students with insights into the philosophy and methods of science. What students really need to know is how scientists judge the merit of a theory. Suppose students were taught the standards for evaluating a theory and then were asked to apply those criteria to the two theories in question. That would be an authentic education in science.

To take an example, it is fundamental that a theory be stated in such a way that it can at least in principle be shown false. If there is no possibility of its being refuted, then it falls outside the purview of science. Science has no interest in self-confirming theories. Can creation science theory meet the "refutability" criterion? Does Darwin's theory meet this criterion? Also, useful theories invoke unseen forces to explain observable events, but those forces (gravity, for instance) should be capable of generating fairly reliable predictions. Does the invocation of God in creation science meet this criterion? Does natural selection?

We suspect that if the two theories were put side by side and students were given the freedom to judge their merit as science, creation theory would fail ignominiously. Natural selection is certainly not without flaws, but the point is that both bad science and bad education allow disputes over theory to go unexamined. This is not to say that every new (or resurrected) explanation for natural phenomena should be given serious attention in our schools. Creation science merits that distinction for two reasons. First, it has a hold on the minds and emotions of large numbers of Americans and second, it explicitly claims the status of science.

Liberals, the "good guys" in this matter, sound much like those "bad guys" who in 1925 prohibited by law the teaching of evolution in Tennessee. In the earlier case, anti-evolutionists feared that a scientific idea would undermine religious belief. In the present case, pro-evolutionists fear that a religious idea will undermine scientific belief. The former had insufficient confidence in religion; the latter, insufficient confidence in science.

There's just no telling in what disguises dogmatism can come upon us. NEIL POSTMAN AND MARC POSTMAN

Neil Postman teaches at the School of Education, New York University. Marc Postman does research at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHEN

It might seem to most *Nation* readers that the current battle over the Right to Financial Privacy Act is a minor skirmish, pitting money-launderers against high-priced lawyers and leaving the rest of us waiting as usual for a vacant teller's window. Recent experience has persuaded me that this is not so, and that Edwin Meese's proposed legislation repealing the act, which would leave bank deposits an open book to every kind of Federal invigilation, is a real threat to civil liberties.

As matters stand, banks must report cash deposits of more than $10,000. But agencies of the state cannot simply help themselves to the records of private individuals. And when the agencies are allowed access, the individuals, except in highly unusual circumstances, must be made aware of the fact. The law that embodies these guarantees and that denies a blank check, so to speak, to the state, was passed for excellent reasons, as this article will show.

Until a few months ago, I lodged my few dollars with Riggs National Bank of Washington, which boasts of its past services to statesmen and Presidents and flatters its customers by telling them that they are with "the most important bank in the most important city in the world." I had, on a couple of occasions, contemplated moving my account. I thought of doing so when Riggs appointed one of South Africa's chief lobbyists, former Representative James Symington, to its board. And I thought of doing so every time I visited its Capitol Hill branch, which treats customers with all the courtesy and consideration afforded by an Albanian travel agency. But I stayed my hand until I found that the bank was a fink.

I suppose I could and should have known before. In Thomas Powers's book *The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA*, there appears the following vignette about the Bay of Pigs:

> On Friday, April 21, 1961 . . . two days after the surrender of the exile invasion force, two men in workclothes—they might have been taken for window washers, say, if not for their neat Ivy League haircuts—approached a teller in the Dupont Circle branch of the Riggs National Bank in Washington with an unusual request. They asked the teller for six to eight bank checks totalling well over $100,000 to be made out in the name of Arthur Avignon. The teller was not as surprised as he might have been. Men from the CIA often arrived quietly to inspect the financial records of certain local embassies, and the teller was also familiar with several oddly active accounts in the name of groups like the National Association of Loggers, the Dry Cleaners' Association, and so on. When he had asked about these strange accounts after first going to work at the branch he had been told frankly, "Oh, those are dummy accounts."

Avignon was the provider of money for the Mafia-backed destabilization of Cuba. I doubt very much that his illegal transactions were of the sort Meese intends to sniff out. But those who attempt to investigate illegal activity, especially at the government level, may find their private lives becoming an open book. And that is why I came to a parting of ways with Riggs.

I have written here before (see "Minority Report,' June 30, 1984) of the unfinished business of the Watergat affair. You may recall that the numbered bills belonging t the burglars were traced in five days to CREEP and t Maurice Stans. Representative Wright Patman, chair of th House Banking Committee, asked for subpoena powers which could, if granted, have netted the real felons there an then. But the real felons were still in a position to give order to the F.B.I., and did so. Using methods that the Bureau ha since admitted were improper, it put the dogs onto m friend Elias P. Demetracopoulos. The said dogs fabricated "confidential file," alleging that he was a Communist an had arranged for Patman to be paid handsomely for speaking engagement. Six Democrats on the committee nerveless and gutless then as they are today when faced witl "authority," took the excuse to vote against subpoen power. The felons got away for another two years o mayhem and corruption.

Now comes the question: How did the F.B.I. get Elias' Dupont Circle account? They certainly didn't get it by sub poena or court order. But William Webster has admitted i writing that the Demetracopoulos account was made avail able "on two occasions" by "confidential sources."

Last year, I wrote to Joe L. Allbritton, chief executiv and chair of Riggs, and asked him if the confidentia sources mentioned by Webster had anything to do with hi bank. I was then telephoned at home by a Cecil E. Dunn vice president, who beat politely about the bush. How did know that such a thing had occurred, he wanted to know Because the director of the F.B.I. had said so, I replied a reasonably as I could. We hung up after mutual expression of discretion and esteem, and he sent me a letter which I stil treasure. I had inquired whether Riggs would seek clarifica tion from Webster. The most self-important bank in Wash ington replied:

> Since we do not have proof of this claim and you have no ownership in this account we do not feel we should approach Mr. Webster regarding this matter.

The story has two endings. In the fall of 1985, more than a decade after the invasion of his privacy, Elias did receive a written apology from the bank. And just as he received it, Attorney General Meese put forward legislation that would allow it to happen all over again. The Right to Financia Privacy Act of 1978 was a post-Watergate bill partly inspired by the Demetracopoulos case. It deserves protection from those to whom civil liberties are an inconvenience and from those who "cannot recall" $5,000 checks, even at their confirmation hearings.

* * *

A few nights ago I had a debate with William Keyes, the untalented black entrepreneur hired as a lobbyist by the South African government. He told me that to call for the release of Nelson Mandela was like calling for the release of Charles Manson. For this he gets paid $390,000 a year. He's not worth it. Ought there to be affirmative action for sleazebags?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

When the editor of *The Nation*, the wily and parsimonious Victor S. Navasky, said he was going to double my pay, I did the only honorable thing: I resigned. Maybe I should start at the beginning. Here are some milestones in our relationship since the aforementioned Navasky asked me if I'd be interested in writing a column for *The Nation*:

March 18, 1978. The wily and parsimonious Victor S. Navasky and I have lunch in the Village to talk about his grand vision for transforming *The Nation* from a shabby pinko sheet to a shabby pinko sheet with a humor column and a large office for the editor. I pick up the check. I ask what he plans to pay for each column. He says, "Somewhere in the high two figures."

March 20, 1978. I refer the offer to my high-powered literary agent, Robert (Slowly) Lescher, together with instructions for the ensuing negotiations: "Play hardball."

April 8, 1978. Slowly gets him up to $100.

September 5, 1978. The W. & P. Victor S. Navasky questions the authenticity of some quotations used in my column. He asks if John Foster Dulles really said, "You can't fool all of the people all of the time, but you might as well give it your best shot." I say, "At these rates, you can't expect real quotes."

May 14, 1980. Executive editor Richard Lingeman, who would probably be described by one of those hard-nosed post-Watergate reporters as "a longtime Navasky operative," sends me a Table of Organization chart that gives me pause: it lists me under "Casual Labor."

November 10, 1981. The W. & P. Victor S. Navasky says that although he would never try to exert any pressure to influence what I write, he might just point out that columns devoted to ridiculing him are less likely to be sold for republication in newspapers because they are considered "inside" and (although he doesn't say this) perhaps a bit distasteful. I say not to worry: since *The Nation* never gets around to paying me my share of the republication fees, I feel no pressure at all. To show there are no hard feelings on my part, I write a column revealing him to be a klutz on the basketball court. To show there are no hard feelings on his part, he continues to hold onto my share of the republication fees.

May 29, 1982. I receive a letter from a reader who asks, "Is it true that employees of *The Nation* are forced to sell flowers and candy in airports and turn the proceeds over to Victor S. Navasky?" I publish the letter in my column, along with my strongly worded reply ("Not exactly").

October 25, 1985. The wily and parsimonious Victor S. Navasky and I have lunch in the Village. He picks up the check. I am instantly put on my guard. He says he is going to double my pay. I figure he has to be up to something. I resign. He tells me my share of the check is $13.38.

"I've quit," I told my wife when I returned from lunch. "That'll show him."

"Why didn't you just tell him you got a better offer from the newspaper syndication people?" she said.

"Because I prefer to resign on a matter of principle."

"What, exactly, is the principle involved?"

"Worker solidarity."

"Worker solidarity!" she said. "I never heard you talk about worker solidarity before."

"I never got a better offer before," I said.

"I think it's terrible that all you can talk about, even now that you're leaving *The Nation,* is money," she said.

"That's what the owners of the textile mills in Yorkshire in the nineteenth century used to say about the workers who complained that a family couldn't be supported on two and six a day: 'All they ever talk about is money.'"

"Aren't you going to miss *The Nation*?" my wife asked.

Well, of course. It was sort of comforting to know that whenever I'd show up at the office the fellow we call Harold the Committed would ask me if I'd like to see civilization as we know it destroyed in a nuclear holocaust; it's *The Nation*'s equivalent of having an elevator operator who can be counted on to say "Have a nice day." And I do feel solidarity with my fellow workers. I feel kinship with the ancient bookkeepers who have been convinced by Navasky that 10 percent of their salary is going directly into a legal defense fund for the Scottsboro Boys. I feel comradeship with the college interns Navasky has managed to lure into *The Nation*'s slave/study program. I feel brotherhood with Richard Lingeman, who, finding himself in 1956 with a strong hand but no cash during a poker game in New Haven that included Victor S. Navasky, covered a raise by signing a paper for thirty-five years of indentured editorial service, and then failed to fill out his flush. For that matter, I feel a communal bond with all those *Nation* employees selling flowers and candy in airports.

"And how about Victor Navasky?" my wife said.

"Oh, he'll get along without me."

"No doubt," she said. "But will you get along without him? Every time you haven't been able to think of a column idea, you've attacked poor Victor—just the way Ronald Reagan, whenever he was stuck for an answer, used to mention that woman who picked up her Aid for Dependent Children check in a Cadillac."

I hadn't thought of that. Navasky has been, in a manner of speaking, my welfare cheat. Doing the column for the newspapers I wouldn't have Navasky to kick around anymore. I could imagine editors from Midwestern dailies sending queries back to the syndication people: "Who's this Navasky anyway?" they'd ask, or "What's this mean here—'There's no gonif like a left-wing gonif'?"

"Yes, I will miss the old W. & P.," I said to my wife.

"Well, it would be nice if you did something to show that," she said.

Fine. But what? "I've got it," I said, after a while. "I'll attack him for trying to double my pay."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

A.F.L.-C.I.O. CONVENTION

Winds of Change In Big Labor

HAROLD MEYERSON

On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 29, Ken Blaylock, president of the American Federation of Government Employees, stepped up to a floor mike at the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s biennial convention to speak in support of the federation's amended resolution on Central America.

He had been to El Salvador and had seen "miles of homes destroyed," he said. "It makes you wonder what our government is all about. I look at Iran, South Vietnam, Nicaragua, El Salvador. Just once, I would love my government to be on the side of the people, not on the side of rich dictators living behind high walls." Blaylock spoke for five minutes, and when he was done, the way American labor makes policy had changed measurably.

It is not that Blaylock harbors insurrectionary impulses against the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership; on the contrary, he is a longtime loyalist. But that made him the ideal person, from the noninterventionists' standpoint, to open what turned into a ninety-minute debate. The concession in the resolution that the noninterventionist forces wrung from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership was not momentous. It consisted of a statement calling for a negotiated settlement in Nicaragua. But the exchange that preceded it was the first open debate on foreign policy at an A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in the federation's thirty-year history and the result marked the first time the federation's foreign policy establishment had to compromise its position. "In terms of how foreign policy is made by this organization," said New England Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers leader Ed Clark, who spoke against the motion because it did not oppose aid to the *contras*, "a radical change is taking place."

Change—at times radical, at times grudging, now initiated by the leadership, now forced on it—is finally coming to the American labor movement. Only this past year has labor fully comprehended the magnitude of the disasters that confront it and the inadequacy of its response. Chronically high unemployment, a globalized labor market, sectoral and sectional shifts in the work force, an Administration that has reduced the National Labor Relations Act to a scrap of paper and corporations' gleeful exploitation of all those developments have combined to reduce the proportion of union members in the nonagricultural work force to a postwar low of 18.8 percent. Wages for private-sector employees have fallen 4.3 percent against inflation since 1979. Nine percent of all contracts signed in 1985 contain two-tier clauses, under which new employees work at a lower pay scale than did their predecessors. Management seeks to provoke strikes, unions to avoid them. "The world of our workers," said Morty Bahr, the new president of the Communications Workers, "has come crashing down upon them."

The A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s fifteenth biennial convention offered ample evidence that labor has begun to respond to the challenge on all fronts: organization, politics, social and foreign policy. As yet, changes in organizing strategy have come more from the top than from the bottom. Some internationals now bypass the National Labor Relations Board altogether in their organizing campaigns [see Stephen F. Diamond, "No Friends in Labor's Court," *The Nation*, December 14, 1985]. The Food and Commercial Workers in particular make heavy use of local radio and television commercials. The Hotel and Restaurant Employees, in their successful drive to unionize clerical workers at Yale University, have demonstrated that potent labor-community coalitions can be built around such causes as comparable worth.

One of the most potentially far-reaching changes in organizing strategy adopted at the convention was the decision to accept associate members. These are workers the federation wants to enroll even though they are not contractually represented by member unions. To this end the federation is designing a range of discounted programs—insurance, credit unions, buying plans, individual retirement accounts, even a low-interest credit card—that internationals could offer to workers who once were organized or who tried to organize and failed or who could yet be organized.

The program has won universal support as a way to keep contact with pro-union workers in an era of aborted contracts and migratory industries and workers. However, some of the labor movement's most successful organizers have gently challenged the claim that enrolling workers who have been represented by unions will predispose them to organize. "I don't think we can do a better job selling credit cards than Sears, Roebuck," said John Wilhelm, who coordinated the Yale campaign. "More importantly, I don't see how we can wage class war with credit cards. It doesn't bring people together on the basis of common struggle." Ed Clark added, "There's not much evidence of people going from service organizations on to collective bargaining. The experience of 9-to-5 [an organization of clerical workers] suggests they don't."

But the plan has its defenders among union progressives as well, the most enthusiastic of whom is William Winpisinger, president of the International Association of Machinists. He believes that the program offers unions an opportunity to play a broader role in the community. "It has the potential to make the union hall a cultural center in many communities," he said. "I'm excited."

Unions have occasionally played such a role, but usually

Harold Meyerson, a Los Angeles-based political consultant, writes about labor and politics for a number of publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in times of struggle, for which the associate program is expressly not designed, or in ethnically or racially homogeneous work forces, where unions came to be a center of cultural identity (New York City's Jewish garment unions come to mind here). Moreover, the model on which the associate program is based seems more individualistic than communitarian, like the society it is attempting to win over. Still, while there are skeptics, the program doesn't have any real opponents.

But if organizing is being rethought at the top, it still languishes at the base. All too often the problem is the low caliber of the organizers. In many unions, this job is still the one given to kids who are entering the movement or to defeated local officials on the way out. For decades, organizing had a low priority in the vast majority of locals and internationals. Today most unions know that they have to devote more resources to organizing, but they haven't yet. Nor have they reconstructed their staffs as they must if organizing is to succeed.

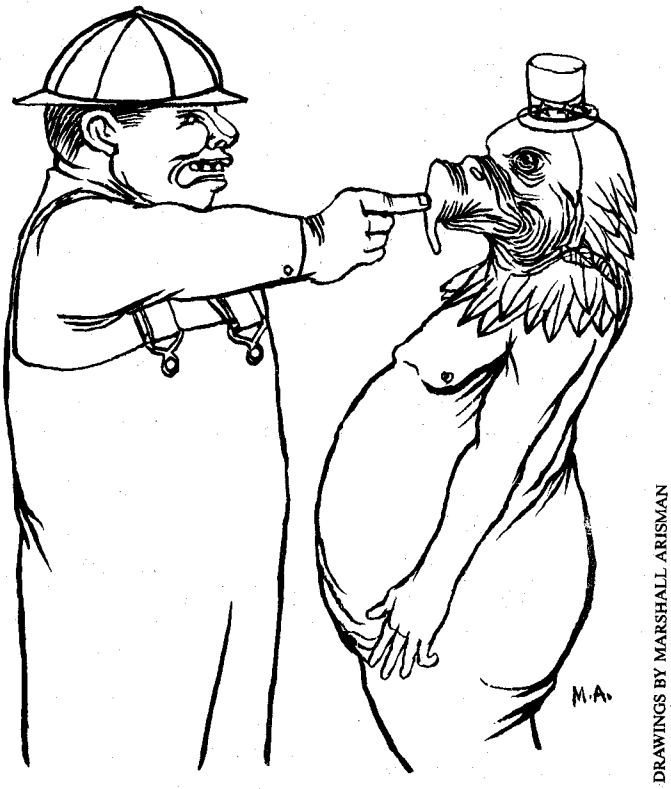
A bright spot in this area is the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s one-on-one program, in which the federation trains shop stewards of various internationals and locals to canvass their members individually on the job and at home and to talk up union campaigns to the membership in a personalized way. The program has a distinctly leftist pedigree, having originated with the Canadian Labor Congress, which used it to build support for Canada's New Democratic Party. It was brought to the United States by Winpisinger's machinists, who used it for everything from reorganizing locals to campaigning for progressive tax reform. In 1984 the A.F.L.-C.I.O. applied it in an on-again, off-again way in behalf of Walter Mondale's campaign. In the New Hampshire primary it was the only program that held members in Mondale's column; then the federation employed it successfully in the key industrial-state primaries. A plan to use it in a huge voter registration drive fell victim to the Mondale malaise and to the indifference, reluctance, bewilderment or panic of tens of thousands of union stewards who had never talked politics, or been trained to talk politics, with their members.

Commendably, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has reshaped the program and is testing it in three states in 1986: Georgia, Idaho and Missouri, where, not coincidentally, Senate races are expected to be close. In Idaho, where the federation has 30,000 members, three coordinators are training stewards to canvass on job safety and to campaign among the members for an initiative to repeal the new right-to-work law. The early training and canvassing, says state coordinator Sam Greer, is the most intensive political education many stewards have had. The one-on-one program returns both politics and organizing skills to the shop-floor level of labor leadership.

But it is the change in federation foreign policy that reveals most clearly the transformation of A.F.L.-C.I.O. politics, which in turn reflects the shifting balance of forces in American labor. The consensus behind the traditional George Meany–Jay Lovestone–Irving Brown foreign policy is clearly breaking up. More and more union leaders deplore the way the federation, through its American Institute for Free Labor Development, undermined El Salvador's unions for criticizing the glacial pace of President José Napoleón Duarte's land reform. They cannot accept that the government provides a growing share of the federation's foreign policy budget ($38 million out of $43 million this year, according to *Business Week*) and that crucial support for these programs comes from the most rabidly antilabor figures in American society, such as Utah Republican Orrin Hatch, chair of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee. The federation's foreign policy establishment is finding its positions harder to defend, as its allies, once scattered across the political spectrum, are increasingly concentrated on the right, and fewer labor leaders are able to embrace their foremost domestic enemies as foreign policy allies.

What distinguished the liberals' position at this year's convention from that of past years was organization, in the form of the National Labor Committee in Support of Democracy and Human Rights in El Salvador. Founded two years ago by the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers secretary-treasurer Jack Sheinkman, the committee's membership includes the presidents of twenty-two internationals, among them federation powerhouses the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees and the United Automobile Workers. "Because there were so many heavy hitters from the Executive Council on our side," noted one veteran liberal at the convention's close, "the cold warriors weren't able to Red-bait us."

Indeed, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council bears only a faint resemblance to its Meany-era incarnation. After Walter Reuther led the U.A.W. out of the federation at the end of the 1960s, Meany was the council as Louis XIV was



DRAWINGS BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the state, with AFSCME's Jerry Wurf and, later, Winpisinger as the only dissenters. Today a new generation of international presidents has arisen that does not share Meany's cold war perspective or his antipathy for the social movements that have emerged since the 1930s. It is an important liberalizing force, which Lane Kirkland must heed. Nowadays a Scoop Jackson would not necessarily be favored to win federation support over a Ted Kennedy. But increased influence has also limited them in opposing A.F.L.-C.I.O. policy publicly. At the 1984 Democratic National Convention a number of unions privately disagreed with some of Mondale's positions on arms spending and other questions, but only AFSCME broke ranks.

The wrenching changes in the economy have brought, on balance, a more creative and progressive leadership to a number of historically centrist or conservative internationals. Morty Bahr of the Communications Workers is experimenting with organizing and bargaining strategies. John Joyce, the scholarly president of the Bricklayers, brings the perspective of an avowed economic democrat to the building trades. And the worldwide crisis in steel that has cut the United Steelworkers virtually in half has brought forth the very best the union has to offer, Lynn Williams. Williams, an articulate advocate of managed trade, argues for the international solidarity of workers against capital, with no trace of an America-first posture. "How can you build a better world," he asks, "when you are pushing down the incomes of workers all over the world?"

But the most decisive factor in labor's evolution is the shifting character of its secondary leadership and its rank and file. "There's movement going on all over the United States in labor for a noninterventionist approach to Central America," said a veteran Washington staff member for a major international. To counter this movement, he noted, the hard-liners have in recent months placed some of their people as advisers to international presidents. "But this battle is out in the field," he said, "not in D.C., not on the staffs. What will determine its outcome is the position of the members and the secondary leadership, and out there it's moving in our favor."

Out there, more avowed radicals, economic democrats and democratic socialists are active in labor than at any time since the 1940s. Many came out of the New Left and worked their way to positions of local or regional leadership. They are based disproportionately in unions with heavily female and minority memberships, in the service-sector unions—that is, in some of the few unions that continue to grow.

The shift in labor's demographics has several effects. To be sure, it does not automatically translate into increased female or minority representation in labor leadership. Indeed, the campaigns at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention to place AFSCME secretary-treasurer and Coalition of Black Trade Unionists president Bill Lucy and Flight Attendants president Linda Puchala on the executive council were thwarted. But the number of women and minority workers in such positions continues to rise slowly. Unions that are most involved with organizing women and minority workers—Hotel and Restaurant, Food and Commercial, the Service Employees and AFSCME among others—of necessity focus increasingly on the issues of pay equity, sexual harassment and child care. Strategically, in its campaign against both Reaganomics and the neoliberal disdain for the welfare state, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. finds itself allied with minority and feminist organizations.

In short, in its composition, strategy and politics, a feminization, an integration—dare I say a greening?—of American labor is slowly coming to pass. So, too, is a democratization of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. "We haven't come as far as we should in democratic unionism," says Victor Reuther, the retired international affairs director for the U.A.W., who for years personified the opposition to the Meanyite foreign policy. "They will still do what they want to do at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. headquarters, so long as the money is there." True enough, but at the convention, for the first time the hawks had to compromise on policy and allow debate. "I left the hall feeling uplifted," said William Winpisinger. "We hit a new level of democracy in the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and that augurs well." □

CAJUN POPULISM ON TRIAL

Gov. Edwards Smites the Feds

LANCE HILL

The late Louisiana Governor Earl Long appreciated the new dimension of Federal government in the South. Legend has it that years ago, in the heat of an integration scrap with Washington, Long pulled the notorious bigot Judge Leander Perez aside and quipped, "Leander, what you gonna do now that the Feds got the bomb?"

The Feds' latest preemptive strike was launched against Louisiana Governor Edwin W. Edwards last March. Between terms the Governor had allegedly pocketed a tidy $2 million by helping a few friends obtain lucrative hospital licenses. In New Orleans, U.S. Attorney John Volz detected something sinister in the arrangement and charged Edwards and several co-defendants with racketeering and fraud. Legally, it was a complicated case, tangled in a web of political favors. The facts were uniformly boring and tended only to obscure the truth. I have yet to encounter any reasonable person south of Monroe who would suggest that there is a correlation between evidence and guilt in a Louisiana trial. The power of evidence withers in a Louisiana courtroom when exposed to the kryptonite of populist charisma.

No one knows that better than Edwards. He is not your typical governor, a media-manufactured family man with the social life of a potato. He is a quintessential Louisiana politician, with a multimillion-dollar gambling habit and a

Lance Hill is a journalist living in New Orleans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

olksy Cajun style; the kind of populist brigand who leads he poor in battle against silk-stocking sophisticates and the ederal Goliath: Robin Hood versus Darth Vader.

The case was heard in the Federal courthouse in downown New Orleans, an architectural tribute to a World Var II bunker. Every day the front steps of the building prouted a score of television cameras, attended by yawning echnicians. A dozen spindly tripods stood at attention, gazng at an empty microphone stand, waiting for a fleeting glimpse of the trial's stars.

Inside, a small mob of fans waited for hours for the scarce eats in the courtroom. These people made up the back-row ury. The legal jury was there to decide the Governor's guilt or innocence; the back row was the trench in which his battle for political survival would be won or lost. The back-row people had pilgrimaged from the bayous and piney woods to witness the greatest fray since the oil companies tried to impeach Huey Long. Dressed in budget slacks or $49 suits, some with rubber bands holding their ponytails, they were a better source of political insight than the tepid reporting of the local press. They became consummate play-by-play commentators during the fourteen-week battle, caucusing during recesses to offer judgments on the atest performance. Not having been subjected to the voir lire screening, the back row could be considered a representative group; their reactions were an accurate barometer of the Governor's political future. That point did not escape Edwards's attention; he deftly steered his testimony around the facts, and the attorneys, into the hearts of the back row.

A few minutes before the trial began, the defendants and their entourage of attorneys poured into the courtroom from the judge's chambers. There were more than twenty of them, a formidable opposition for the four Justice Department prosecutors. The defendants strutted confidently around the courtroom, pumping hands and whispering to supporters. Defendant Gus Mijalis, a portly political wheeler-dealer with a polyester jacket and a diamond ring twinkling on his little finger, worked the crowd with a booming voice and the air of a successful appliance salesman. After a few months in prison he would probably be dining regularly with the warden.

The prosecution team compared poorly with this slice of Louisiana pecan pie. It consisted of a few lean youngsters flashing smiles of affected confidence, smiles which sinking lawyers use in lieu of life jackets. John Volz, their leader, was a slightly more imposing figure than the others. But the back-row jury had him pegged as a loser. After Volz fumbled his way through one cross-examination, a woman in a pink sweater commented that it is not the Governor who is the compulsive gambler, it is John Volz. "Look at him up there," she said with a soft drawl. "He's steadily losing and still he keeps on at it."

The Governor dueled with Volz for two days. It was a world-class mismatch. The prosecutor would plant himself at the lectern, one hand stuffed in his pocket and the other flailing the air. The Governor's replies to his questions flowed smooth as cane syrup. As he spoke he kept one eye on his grand jury transcript (he had even memorized the page numbers) and the other on the back row. In contrast Volz was loud, inconsistent and generally inept. His disjointed questions sent the jurors' eyes wandering across the courtroom in search of an interesting wall. Compounding his problems was his comical inability to control the cross-examination. The Governor ended his replies with a curt, "And now what's your next question, Mr. Volz?" At one point he reprimanded Volz for excessive commentary, advising him to reserve his opinions for the summation. The back row loved the verbal fencing, and with their giggling encouragement, the Governor's ripostes grew bolder.

Volz stumbled into a trap by asking what the Governor meant by a reference to taking a "paralyzing oath." Never one to underestimate the appeal of voodoo imagery in Louisiana, the Governor explained that if he were to break such an oath, he would be instantly paralyzed. Volz, seeing an opportunity, asked if that was different from the oath the Governor took when he testified. Edwards lowered his voice and solemnly told the hushed courtroom that the oath he took before the court was infinitely more serious. "My soul in eternity rests on the validity of what I say here today," he intoned. Oh, Lord. Had Volz possessed the good sense to leave the paralyzing oath alone, he would only have had to convince the jury that the Governor was willing to risk paralysis by lying on the stand. Now he had to contend with a Governor who believed that perjury could bring him eternal damnation. Not even the majesty of the Federal government can match eternal damnation.

Governor Edwards's attorneys had carefully selected a jury that reflected the social base of his brand of populism:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it was working-class and black. One doubted that a majority of them would turn Judas and deliver one of their own into the hands of the rich and powerful, and accordingly, it ended in a mistrial with one juror holding out for conviction on both counts—and even that juror admitted voting for Edwards and said he would do so again. No matter how much Responsible Civic Leaders fulminate against Louisianians' fondness for openly corrupt politicians, in a state where the poor have endured decades of powerlessness, the mystique of country-boy-turned-power-broker possesses a mesmerizing appeal. The back row felt that if it couldn't control the state government, then at least one of its own raucous sons should be allowed to defile it.

The tragedy is that the Governor's actions will add millions of dollars to health care costs in Louisiana, which has the second-highest unemployment rate in the nation and a crumbling economy. Louisianians may eventually tire of Edwards's hollow populist rhetoric; perhaps his devotees will then decide to engage their tormentors directly rather than through corrupt surrogates.

As I left the courtroom a back-row woman in a pink sweater was patiently trying to explain the genesis of this unfortunate legal skirmish. "You see, John Volz just couldn't make it as a lawyer in private practice. He just couldn't make it, so Mayor Maestri had to get him this government job. He just can't understand how a successful man like the Governor can pick up the phone and make $250,000. But it happens all the time." She shook her head a little and sighed, "Lord knows I wish I could do that." □

SLENDER THREADS

Tenant Uprising

JOHN ATLAS

The defeat of three incumbent mayors in North Jersey cities this past year has given new hope to progressive forces in the Garden State. Much of the credit belongs to the tenant movement, led by the New Jersey Tenant Organization (N.J.T.O.). With 80,000 low- and middle-income members and one hundred citywide affiliates, N.J.T.O. has been organizing and fighting successfully for tenants' rights since 1969.

Using a variety of tactics—including lobbying, rent strikes, demonstrations, coalition building and electoral politics—N.J.T.O. has altered the parameters of the debate about housing policy in New Jersey. Now most New Jersey politicians and even newspaper editorial writers believe that a landlord's need for profit must be balanced against a tenant's need for decent and affordable housing.

At stake in the 1985 elections was the process by which three cities would be developed. In East Orange, with a population of 77,000 and a solidly built though dilapidated housing stock, Mayor Tom Cooke worked closely with landlords and developers. Cooke's opponent, City Councilman John Hatcher, supported rent control. On June 4, with strong support from the East Orange Tenants Association, an affiliate of N.J.T.O., Hatcher won 2 to 1.

The biggest upset came in Jersey City, the state's second-largest metropolis. When Gerald McCann became Mayor in 1981, he attacked rent control and enthusiastically promoted revitalization, luring some large New York City corporations across the river to Jersey City's Harborside complex. Cashing in chits he earned by founding a Democrats for Reagan group in 1980, he drew more than $50 million in Urban Development Action Grants to Jersey City—the most per capita in such aid for any municipality in the nation.

Many homeowners were delighted as yuppies moved from Manhattan and the value of their property tripled virtually overnight. Low-income tenants and homeowners, however, had less cause for rejoicing: rising real estate values usually mean higher property taxes to come. One of McCann's first acts on taking office had been the repeal of rent control, which he blamed for Jersey City's decline in the late 1970s. McCann pushed a plan for vacancy decontrol through the City Council but he backed down when tenant organizations led by the Jersey City Tenants Committee collected enough signatures from local residents to force a referendum. The City Council reversed itself and the measure was repealed.

Landlords, instead, used the "substantial rehabilitation" loophole in the rent control law, which allows them to increase rents dramatically if they spend more than half the assessed value of an apartment building on upgrading. In that way, low- and moderate-income families were forced out of their apartments. McCann called that result "survival of the fittest."

Before the mayoral election on June 11, McCann seemed unbeatable; a poll in the *Jersey Journal* gave him a seventy-point lead. But tenants and blacks and Hispanics organized an unprecedented door-to-door effort in support of McCann's opponent, Anthony Cucci, whose platform included rent control and a development policy to protect long-term residents. New Jersey Citizen Action, a statewide citizen-labor coalition which N.J.T.O. helped start and which was responsible for winning a progressive income tax in the state and the stiffest toxic waste "right-to-know" law in the country, set up telephone banks at United Automobile Workers headquarters.

On June 11, Cucci won by a vote of 37,500 to 30,500. Eight of the nine tenant-supported candidates for City Council also won. A breakdown of the election results shows that Cucci won heavily in black and Hispanic wards, but his core of support lay with the white tenants in areas with high concentrations of apartments—the very voters who helped elect McCann in 1981. Most observers, including Cucci, saw the housing issue as the key to victory.

Soon after taking office, Cucci appointed Rick Cohen as housing and economic director. Cohen, whose appointment was supported by the Jersey City Tenants Committee, has drawn up an Experimental Housing Policy that calls for

John Atlas, a public interest lawyer, is an editor of "Shelterforce," a housing policy newsletter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL TERRORISM IN THE UNITED STATES

Alex Odeh, regional director of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee (ADC), was murdered on October 11th when a bomb exploded at the ADC headquarters in Santa Ana, California. He spoke out on matters of peace and justice in the Middle East as he understood them. He was committed to dialogue between Jewish Americans and Arab Americans. For exercising his right of free expression, he was killed by a terrorist's bomb.

The murder of Alex Odeh occurred in the midst of U.S. outrage over the hijacking of the Achille Lauro and the killing of Leon Klinghoffer. That incident of international terrorism has provided the context for a series of threats directed at Arab Americans.

Alex Odeh was a victim of terror as was Leon Klinghoffer. Both deaths are tragedies. Both killings were criminal acts.

Open discourse on public issues is an absolute pre-condition for democracy and guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution. **Any attempt to suppress dissident or unpopular points of view by intimidating or killing their advocates represents not only a violation of fundamental constitutional rights; it diminishes the integrity of our democratic system.**

U.S. government policies toward the Middle East require the scrutiny of public debate that only a democracy can provide. **At stake are not only the lives of the people in the Middle East, but also the lives of U.S. citizens and the peace and security of the world.** Our nation cannot afford to have debate of these policies stilled by the threat of violence.

The scant attention the media and our political leaders have paid to the killing of Alex Odeh is deeply troubling. It tacitly implies that the significance of killing a person who is Palestinian American may be less than the killing of others who have been victims of the cycle of violence in and around the Middle East.

We urge that:

(1) Government officials pursue the apprehension and conviction of those who murdered Alex Odeh with vigor and urgency. Government officials should scrupulously respect the civil liberties and assure the safety of Arab Americans;

(2) President Reagan and other public figures speak out forcefully on the necessity to respect the rights of all in public debate on Middle East issues;

(3) The media give balanced attention to all victims of terror and all attempts to limit public debate.

Statement circulated by the American Friends Service Committee, Middle East Program

Hon. James G. Abourezk
National Chairman, American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee (ADC)
Anthony M. Abraham
ADC
Len Ackland
Chairperson, Third Unitarian Church of Chicago
Bishop John H. Adams
2nd Episcopal District, African Methodist Episcopal Church
Robert Z. Alpern
Director, Washington Office, Unitarian/Universalist Association of Congregations in North America
Mary Appelman
Chairperson, American-Israel Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace (AICIPP)
David C. Aroner
Executive Director, Social Services Union, Local 535 (SEIU), AFL-CIO
Richard Arrington, Jr.
Mayor, City of Birmingham, Alabama
Joyce W. Asfour
Chair, Middle East Committee, Women's International League For Peace and Freedom (WILPF)
Alice Azzam
Coordinator, ADC
Dr. Gwendolyn Calvert Baker
Executive Director, National Board, YWCA of the USA
Christie Balka
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Francine Rosemberg Ballard
Co-Chairperson, Metro Detroit, New Jewish Agenda (NJA)
Rev. Willie T. Barrow
Operation P.U.S.H.
Rabbi Devora Bartnoff
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Asia A. Bennett
Executive Secretary, American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)
Reena Bernards
Executive Director, NJA
Leonard B. Bjorkman
Co-Pastor, Onondaga Valley Presbyterian Church, Syracuse
Elise Boulding
Professor Emeritus
Dartmouth College
Eugene Boutelier
Executive Director, Ecumenical Council of Southern California
Rabbi Balfour Brickner
New York, New York
David Cartwright
Executive Director, SANE
Bria Chakofsky
Co-Chair, NJA
Ramsey Clark
New York, New York
Rev. William Sloane Coffin
Riverside Church
Rev. George W. Cole
Associate Executive For Social Justice, Presbyterian Synod of Southern California and Hawaii
Rev. Stuart G. Collins
Pastor, South Hollywood Presbyterian Church
Danny Collum
Sojourners Magazine
David Dellinger
Peacham, Vermont
Joseph Elias, II
President, NE Pennsylvania Assoc. of Arab Americans
S.M. El Farra, M.D.
Hollywood, California
Rober Farrell
Councilman, 8th District
City of Los Angeles
Walter E. Fauntroy
Member of Congress
Washington, DC
Prof. Bernard T. Feld
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Gordon Fellman
Co-Chair, Middle East Task Force, NJA
James Fine
Middle East Research Institute, University of Pennsylvania
Libby Frank
Executive Director, WILPF
Don Fraser
Mayor, City of Minneapolis
Patrick D. Gaffney
Dept. of Anthropology
University of Notre Dame
Rabbi Everett Gendler
Temple Emanuel
Lowell, Massachusetts
Ken Giles
Advisory Board, AICIPP
Ezra Goldstein
Cincinnati Steering Committee, NJA
Rabbi Marc Gruber
Community Reform Temple
Westbury, New York
Peter Gubser
President, American Near East Refugee Aid
Bishop Thomas Gumbleton
Archdiocese of Detroit
Joseph Hacala, S.J.
National Office of the Jesuit Social Ministries
Prof. Elaine C. Hagopian
Simmons College
Morton H. Halperin
Director, Washington Office, American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU)
Ayser Chalabi Hamoudi, M.D.
Dublin, Ohio
Barbara Harvey
Legal Director, ACLU of Michigan
Rev. Bryan Hehir
Kennedy Institute of Ethics, Georgetown University
James R. Henderson
Executive Director, National Office For Black Catholics
Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg
Temple Emanuel,
Engelwood, New Jersey
Michael Hirsch
DC 1707, AFSCME
Dr. Lawrence Hochman
National Lawyers Guild
Prof. John P. Holdren
Chairman, Federation of American Scientists
Gerald Horne
National Director, National Conference of Black Lawyers
Deena Hurwitz
Resource Center for Non-Violence
Abdeen M. Jabara
National Vice-Chair, ADC
Rev. Edward G. Kakaty
Pastor, Melkite Catholic Church
R. Scott Kennedy
Resource Center for Non-Violence
Pat Kenoyer, S.L.
Kansas City Nuclear Weapons Freeze Coalition
Shelia High King
Director, Research and Program Development, National Alliance of Postal and Federal Employees
Jerome Koenig
America Israel Civil Liberties Coalition (AICLC)
Shulamith Koenig
AICLC
Mary Lou Kownacki, OSB
National Coordinator, Pax Christi, U.S.A.
Brother Richard R. Labbe, S.C.
Pax Christi
Prof. Ruth Bradbury LaMonte
University of Alabama at Birmingham
John A. Lapp
Executive Secretary, Mennonite Central Committee
Rabbi Mordechai Liebling
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Walter Lippmann
Chair, Human Rights Committee, Social Services Union, Local 535 (SEIU), AFL-CIO
Robin Lloyd
WILPF, Burlington, Vermont
Rev. Joseph E. Lowery
Southern Christian Leadership Conference
Sr. Barbara Lupo, MM
Co-Director, Clergy and Laity Concerned
Prof. Salvador E. Luria
MIT
Paul N. McCloskey
Attorney, Colonel USMCR (Ret.)
Prof. Seymour Melman
Columbia University
Dr. Sol H. Mendlovitz
Sr. Vice President, World Policy Institute
Prof. Everett Mendelsohn
Chair Middle East Subcommittee, AFSC
Rev. Darrel Meyers
Middle East Task Force
Presbyterian Synod of Southern California and Hawaii
Lucetta Mowry
Professor Emeritus
Wellesley College
R. Murphy
President, Foreign Press Association
George A. Naifeh
President, American-Arab Affairs Council
Rev. Joseph Nangle, O.F.M.
Justice and Peace Coordinator, Conf. of Major Superiors of Men
Mark W. Olson
The Other Side Magazine
Victor Papakhian
National Lawyers Guild
Dr. Avery Post
President, United Church of Christ
Glendora Putnam
President, National Board, YWCA of the USA
Nick Joe Rahall
Member of Congress, West Virginia
Prof. Rosemary Reuther
Garrett Evangelical Theological Seminary, Northwestern University
Rabbi Michael Robinson
Temple Israel of Northern Westchester
Prof. Andy Rose
National Co-Chair, NJA
Brad R. Roth
Board of Directors, AICIPP
Bayard Rustin
President, A. Phillip Randolph Educational Fund
Amal M.R. Shamma, M.D.
Chief of Pediatrics, Barbir Medical Center, Durham
Dr. Donald Shriver, Jr.
Union Theological Seminary
Ronald J. Sider
Chairperson, Evangelicals for Social Action
Rev. Stephen J. Sidorak, Jr.
Director, Peace Center of the Christian Conference of Connecticut
Ruth Ann Skaff
Regional Director, ADC, Houston
Rev. Thomas Skaff
St. Michael the ArchAngel's Orthodox Church (OCA)
Rev. Donald L. Smith
Refugee Settlement Enabler, Presbyterian Synod of Southern California and Hawaii
Prof. Philippa Strum
President, AICLC
Mary Lou Suhor
Editor, *Witness Magazine*
Prof. John M. Swomley, Jr.
Kansas City, Missouri
Ayoub Talhami
ADC, Chicago
Dolores Taller
WILPF
Dr. J. Randolph Taylor
President, San Francisco Theological Seminary
Sr. Marjorie Tuite, O.P.
Church Women United
Joe Volk
National Secretary for Peace Education, AFSC
Fred R. von der Mehden
A. Thomas Professor
Rice University
Rabbi Brian Walt
Media, Pennsylvania
Rev. L. Humphrey Walz, D.D.
Association Synod Executive, Presbyterian Church, USA
Sr. Miriam Ward
Pax Christi
Arthur Waskow
Editor, *New Menorah*
Rev. Gordon Webster
Peace Associate for the Middle East, Presbyterian Church (USA)
Prof. Joseph Weizenbaum
MIT
George Wesolek
Executive Director, Justice and Peace Committee, Archdiocese of San Francisco
Corinne Whitlatch
Washington Representative, AICIPP
Colin W. Williams
Executive Vice President, Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies
Dorie Wilsnack
Non-Intervention Program Mobilization For Survival
Leland Wilson
Director, Church of the Brethren, Washington Office
Rabbi Arnold Jacob Wolf
KAM Isaiah Israel Congregation, Chicago
Rev. Tony Wolf
Presbyterian Church, USA
Pasadena, California
Samear Zaitoon
National Association of Arab Americans
Dr. James Zogby
Executive Director, American-Arab Institute
John Zogby
Board of Directors, American-Arab Affairs Council

Affiliation listed for identification purposes only.
A complete list of signatories is available upon request from AFSC, ME Dept., 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102

Since the endorsement of the above statement, the cycle of violence which it describes has continued. A fire of suspicious origin has destroyed the ADC offices in Washington, and Arab American activists continue to be harassed by threats. The **American Friends Service Committee** believes that it is now more important than ever for U.S. citizens to SPEAK OUT for the protection of civil liberties for all.

☐ I wish to add my name to the above list of signers.
☐ Enclosed is $ _____ to help further publicize the statement.
(Please make checks payable to AFSC/ME Dept.)

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

AFFILIATION (for I.D. only) _____

Return to: **American Friends Service Committee, Middle East Program**
1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private developers to build low-cost housing or to contribute to a housing trust that will help nonprofit groups build them.

In Hoboken, a smaller city on the Hudson River, three-term Mayor Steve Cappiello also lost an election fought over the issues of development and rent control. His opponent, Thomas Vezzetti, pledged to halt runaway development, which has allowed young, affluent professionals to drive out low- and middle-income renters. The new Mayor hired Steve Block, a community organizer, to coordinate a housing plan that resembles Jersey City's.

N.J.T.O. had another victory in June, when it helped elect Peter Shapiro as the Democratic nominee for Governor. As Executive of Essex County, Shapiro, a longtime supporter of tenants' rights, set up the first Tenant Resource Center in the country. He relied on N.J.T.O. to get out the vote in many towns where tenants were his only organized support.

Although Shapiro lost to Republican Thomas Kean in the November elections, progressive forces in New Jersey were not badly shaken. Kean, the co-chair of the New Jersey freeze campaign and a backer of the Equal Rights Amendment, signed legislation that increased the state income tax for people earning more than $50,000 and also signed a law requiring that state funds be divested from companies doing business in South Africa.

Beyond the glare of the national media, a new kind of local politics is growing in New Jersey. A coalition of whites, blacks and Hispanics from the middle and working classes has lined up against landlords, developers and yuppies. Hoboken, Jersey City and East Orange are developing housing plans that include strong rent controls and affordable new housing. And state politicians have gained respect for the tenants' vote.

Building on the three mayoral victories, future political action for N.J.T.O. includes supporting Peter Shapiro's re-election as County Executive in 1986 and working to strengthen the statewide Citizen Action Coalition. □

U.S.S.R.-MONGOLIA-CHINA
AROUND THE WORLD
2 PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP TOURS®
28 DAYS $3,495
JULY 11 to AUGUST 7 and JULY 16 to AUGUST 12

NEW YORK-MOSCOW-LENINGRAD-TASHKENT
IRKUTSK-MONGOLIA-PEKING-SHANGHAI
GUELIN-HONG KONG-SAN FRANCISCO

- TRANSPORTATION AND TRANSFERS INCLUDED
- FIRST CLASS HOTELS • 3 MEALS DAILY
- SIGHTSEEING-EXCURSIONS-THEATERS
- FRIENDSHIP AND PEACE MEETINGS
- LIMITED MEMBERSHIP IN EACH GROUP

WRITE OR PHONE
PROGRESSIVE WORLD TOURS
4003 ISLEWOOD DRIVE
DEERFIELD BEACH, FL. 33442
(305) 427-4779 TELEX 441536

Tools for Peace

MATTHEW BEHRENS

In 1981 a group of Canadian trade unionists, members of the British Columbian United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union, visited their counterparts on both coasts of Nicaragua. When they returned home, they collected $20,000 worth of supplies and shipped them to Nicaragua.

In time, that modest effort spawned a people-to-people organization called Tools for Peace. T4P, as it is known, has sent ships bearing more than $3 million worth of material aid—everything from pencils and candles to blankets, clothing and spare parts—to Nicaragua.

There are more than eighty-five local T4P committees throughout Canada, and scores of solidarity committees, outreach organizations and lobbying groups opposed to U.S. intervention in Central America. Why is there so much interest in an issue that seems so far removed from the local concerns of free trade, Star Wars and the slaughter of baby seals?

"Canadians were very much aware of the illegality of American involvement in Vietnam, and it's still very strong in our consciousness," said Barbara Stewart, Southern Ontario and Toronto area coordinator of T4P. "We are not a military or imperial power, and we don't accept the strident military posturing of the United States. Even our right wing, which generally agrees with the U.S. right wing, does not see the world power issue in the same way."

A surprising amount of support for Nicaragua comes from small towns that are difficult to find on most maps. The village of Yarrow, British Columbia, for example, regularly sends 200-word cables to the U.S. Congress protesting Washington's Central America policy. A forestry worker from Manitoba gave most of his $17,000 salary to a solidarity organization; he asked the group to take the money "before he spent it, because he didn't like what was going on down there."

In 1984, before being voted out of power, the Liberal government passed a $13.4 million aid and loan package for Nicaragua, directed at dairy production. Under the Progressive-Conservative government of Brian Mulroney, official support for the Sandinistas hasn't lagged. Secretary of State for External Affairs Joe Clark approved a $7.5 million loan for a Nicaraguan water project as one of his first acts, and in May 1985 an additional $11.2 million in credits and loans were extended for a joint French-Italian-Canadian geothermal project at Nicaragua's Momotombo volcano, under the auspices of the Inter-American Development Bank.

More significant, Canada has refused to join in the trade embargo that the United States imposed on Nicaragua in May 1985. Clark stated at the time, "That's their policy, not ours." Canadian exports to Nicaragua last year totaled $22 million, while imports from the Sandinistas amounted to more than $45 million.

Matthew Behrens is a writer living in Toronto.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To insure that the support continues, T4P has embarked on a lobbying campaign, to coincide with the departure of the next shipment of aid in late January.

Barbara Stewart spent almost two years in Nicaragua, during which time she saw the importance of international solidarity groups, including those in her own country. "The Nicaraguans see Canada . . . like Contadora, as a possible buffer against U.S. military aggression." The T4P model has been followed in the Netherlands, Italy, Sweden and Norway. Groups in Australia, Britain and Japan have plans to proceed with similar aid projects. □

Empire

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

continue, in their behalf, the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race: to bear with courage the white man's burden, as Rudyard Kipling not so tactfully put it. Were we not—English and Americans—all Anglo-Saxons, united by common blood, laws, language? Well, no, we were not. But our differences were not so apparent then. In any case, we took on the job. We would supervise and civilize the lesser breeds. We would make money.

By the end of World War II, we were the most powerful and least damaged of the great nations. We also had most of the money. America's hegemony lasted exactly five years. Then the cold and hot wars began. Our masters would have us believe that all our problems are the fault of the Evil Empire of the East, with its Satanic and atheistic religion, ever ready to destroy us in the night. This nonsense began at a time when we had atomic weapons and the Russians did not. They had lost 20 million of their people in the war, and 8 million of them before the war, thanks to their neoconservative Mongolian political system. Most important, there was never any chance, then or now, of the money power (all that matters) shifting from New York to Moscow. What was—and is—the reason for the big scare? Well, World War II made prosperous the United States, which had been undergoing a depression for a dozen years; and made very rich those magnates and their managers who govern the republic, with many a wink, in the people's name. In order to maintain a general prosperity (and enormous wealth for the few) they decided that we would become the world's policeman, perennial shield against the Mongol hordes. We shall have an arms race, said one of the high priests, John Foster Dulles, and we shall win it because the Russians will go broke first. We were then put on a permanent wartime economy, which is why a third or so of the government's revenues is constantly being siphoned off to pay for what is euphemistically called defense.

As early as 1950, Albert Einstein understood the nature of the rip-off. He said, "The men who possess real power in this country have no intention of ending the cold war." Thirty-five years later, they are still at it, making money while the nation itself declines to eleventh place in world per capita income, to forty-sixth in literacy and so on, until last summer (not suddenly, I fear) we found ourselves close to $2 trillion in debt. Then, in the fall, the money power shifted from New York to Tokyo, and that was the end of our empire. Now the long-feared Asiatic colossus takes its turn as world leader, and we—the white race—have become the yellow man's burden. Let us hope that he will treat us more kindly than we treated him. In any case, if the foreseeable future is not nuclear, it will be Asiatic, some combination of Japan's advanced technology with China's resourceful landmass. Europe and the United States will then be, simply, irrelevant to the world that matters, and so we come full circle. Europe began as the relatively empty uncivilized Wild West of Asia; then the Western Hemisphere became the Wild West of Europe. Now the sun has set in our West and risen once more in the East.

The British used to say that their empire was obtained in a fit of absent-mindedness. They exaggerate, of course. On the other hand, our modern empire was carefully thought out by four men. In 1890 a U.S. Navy captain, Alfred Thayer Mahan, wrote the blueprint for the American imperium, *The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, 1660-1783*. Then Mahan's friend, the historian-geopolitician Brooks Adams, younger brother of Henry, came up with the following formula: "All civilization is centralization. All centralization is economy." He applied the formula in the following syllogism: "Under economical centralization, Asia is cheaper than Europe. The world tends to economic centralization. Therefore, Asia tends to survive and Europe to perish." Ultimately, *that* is why we were in Vietnam. The amateur historian and professional politician Theodore Roosevelt was much under the influence of Adams and

Gore Vidal's most recent books are Lincoln, *a novel, and* The Second American Revolution, *essays (both Random House).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATION REPRINTS

K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew And When We Knew It

Published on the eve of the first anniversary of the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, this issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the tragedy. After a year of thorough research, author David Pearson concludes that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted, and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. *(August 18/25, 1984)*

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions

This issue brings our 1984 report up to date. With contributions by David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn, it is the culmination of an intensive investigation. The authors analyze new Japanese radar data, discuss a Nation Institute-sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airline transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation. *(August 17/24, 1985)*

Central America

Appearing just after the release of the controversial Kissinger report, the special issue on Central America offered a strong refutation of the Administration's views. The arguments still hold. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution today, the issue is one of the most urgent, informative and important in *The Nation*'s history. *(January 28, 1984)*

Many Bhopals: Technology Out of Control

Robert Engler reveals that the dangerous dependence on pesticides and the movement away from people-intensive agriculture results from corporate profit-making strategies. In addition, he shows that the Bhopal disaster is one of countless poisonings occurring each year, here and in the Third World, under an irresponsible scientific-corporate elite. *(April 27, 1985)*

The Education Wars

Teachers, education watchers, journalists and scholars join forces to retake much of the ground recently occupied by Reagan's National Commission on Excellence in Education. With its healthy mix of policy issues and practical matters, "The Education Wars" is indispensable to anyone with a stake in the continuing battle over our schools. *(May 25, 1985)*

Reflections on a Glass House: The U.N. at 40

On the fortieth birthday of the United Nations, nine scholars and activists provide an examination of the U.N.'s achievements and failures. They analyze the history of U.S. participation in the United Nations and assess the organization's role in disarmament, Middle East negotiations and in relations between the developed countries and the Third World. The issue serves as a much-needed rebuttal to the arguments of would-be U.N.-bashers. *(September 21, 1985)*

NATION SPECIAL ISSUES ARE EXCELLENT FOR CLASSROOM USE.

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name	Total
1-9: $3.00 ea.			
10-49: $2.00 ea.			
50-99: $1.50 ea.			
100-249: $1.25 ea.			
250 or more: $1.00 ea.			

N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail check or money order to Nation Reprints, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. **Prepayment is required. (U.S. currency only.) Foreign orders add 33%. All reprint sales are final.**

NR8601

Mahan; he was also their political instrument, most active not so much during his Presidency as during the crucial war with Spain, where he can take a good deal of credit for our seizure of the Philippines, which made us a world empire. Finally, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Roosevelt's closest friend, kept in line a Congress that had a tendency to forget our holy mission—our manifest destiny—and ask, rather wistfully, for internal improvements.

From the beginning of our republic we have had imperial tendencies. We took care—as we continue to take care—of the indigenous population. We maintained slavery a bit too long even by a cynical world's tolerant standards. Then, in 1847, we produced our first conquistador, President James K. Polk. After acquiring Texas, Polk deliberately started a war with Mexico because, as he later told the historian George Bancroft, we had to acquire California. Thanks to Polk, we did. And that is why to this day the Mexicans refer to our Southwestern states as "the occupied lands," which Hispanics are now, quite sensibly, filling up.

The case against empire began as early as 1847. Representative Abraham Lincoln did not think much of Polk's war, while Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant, who fought at Vera Cruz, said in his memoirs, "The war was an instance of a republic following the bad example of European monarchies, in not considering justice in their desire to acquire additional territory." He went on to make a causal link, something not usual in our politics then and completely unknown now: "The Southern rebellion was largely the outgrowth of the Mexican War. Nations, like individuals, are punished for their transgressions. We got our punishment in the most sanguinary and expensive war of modern times."

But the empire has always had more supporters than opponents. By 1895 we had filled up our section of North America. We had tried twice—and failed—to conquer Canada. We had taken everything that we wanted from Mexico. Where next? Well, there was the Caribbean at our front door and the vast Pacific at our back. Enter the Four Horsemen—Mahan, Adams, Roosevelt and Lodge.

The original republic was thought out carefully, and openly, in *The Federalist Papers*: we were not going to have a monarchy and we were not going to have a democracy. And to this day we have had neither. For 200 years we have had an oligarchical system in which men of property can do well and the others are on their own. Or, as Brooks Adams put it, the sole problem of our ruling class is whether to coerce or to bribe the powerless majority. The so-called Great Society bribed; today coercion is very much in the air. Happily, our neoconservative Mongoloids favor only authoritarian and never totalitarian means of coercion.

Unlike the republic, the empire was worked out largely in secret. Captain Mahan, in a series of lectures delivered at the Naval War College, compared the United States with England. Each was essentially an island state that could prevail in the world only through sea power. England had already proved his thesis. Now the United States must do the same. We must build a great navy in order to acquire overseas possessions. Since great navies are expensive, the wealth of new colonies must be used to pay for our fleets. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fact, the more colonies acquired, the more ships; the more ships, the more empire. Mahan's thesis is agreeably circular. He showed how little England had ended up with most of Africa and all of southern Asia, thanks to sea power. He thought that we should do the same. The Caribbean was our first and easiest target. Then on to the Pacific Ocean, with all its islands. And, finally, to China, which was breaking up as a political entity.

Theodore Roosevelt and Brooks Adams were tremendously excited by this prospect. At the time Roosevelt was a mere police commissioner in New York City, but he had dreams of imperial glory. "He wants to be," snarled Henry Adams, "our Dutch-American Napoleon." Roosevelt began to maneuver his way toward the heart of power, sea power. With Lodge's help, he got himself appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, under a weak Secretary and a mild President. Now he was in place to modernize the fleet and to acquire colonies. Hawaii was annexed. Then a part of Samoa. Finally, colonial Cuba, somehow, had to be liberated from Spain's tyranny. At the Naval War College, Roosevelt declared, "To prepare for war is the most effectual means to promote peace." How familiar that sounds! But since the United States had no enemies as of June 1897, a contemporary might have remarked that since we were already at peace with everyone, why prepare for war? Today, of course, we are what he dreamed we would be, a nation armed to the teeth and hostile to everyone. But what with Roosevelt was a design to acquire an empire is for us a means to transfer money from the Treasury to the various defense industries, which in turn pay for the elections of Congress and President.

Our turn-of-the-century imperialists may have been wrong, and I think they were. But they were intelligent men with a plan, and the plan worked. Aided by Lodge in the Senate, Brooks Adams in the press, Admiral Mahan at the Naval War College, the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy began to build up the fleet and look for enemies. After all, as Brooks Adams proclaimed, "war is the solvent." But war with whom? And for what? And where? At one point England seemed a likely enemy. We had a boundary dispute with it over Venezuela, which meant that we could invoke the all-purpose Monroe Doctrine (the invention of John Quincy Adams, Brooks's grandfather). But as we might have lost such a war, nothing happened. Nevertheless, Roosevelt kept on beating his drum: "No triumph of peace," he shouted, "can equal the armed triumph of war." Also: "We must take Hawaii in the interests of the white race." Even Henry Adams, who found T.R. tiresome and Brooks, his own brother, brilliant but mad, suddenly declared, "In another fifty years...the white race will have to reconquer the tropics by war and nomadic invasion, or be shut up north of the 50th parallel." And so at century's end, our most distinguished ancestral voices were not prophesying but praying for war.

An American warship, the Maine, blew up in Havana harbor. We held Spain responsible; thus, we got what John Hay called "a splendid little war." We would liberate Cuba, drive Spain from the Caribbean. As for the Pacific, even before the Maine was sunk, Roosevelt had ordered

Alexander Cockburn on the PRESS.
Andrew Kopkind on the CULTURE WARS.
Stephen F. Cohen on the SOVIET UNION.
Arthur C. Danto on ART.
Paul Berman on THEATER.
Christopher Hitchens on WASHINGTON.
Bird and Holland's CAPITOL LETTER.

The Reagan Administration is not funny; what it's doing to the country, and the world, is very serious. The voices of dissent and diversity must be heard. And the best place to hear them is in *The Nation*.

The Nation has been questioning the abuses of power for 120 years. And there has never been a greater need for it than now. *The Nation* conducts its own investigations, reports the kind of news the national wire services don't release, and serves as the forum for the leading voices of dissent on the critical political and cultural issues of our time.

If you think these voices are important, join your voice to theirs and subscribe to *The Nation*. There's a reduced introductory rate for you. And as a gift for friends, too.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a savings of 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ Double my savings. Send a full year for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

D601

SEND THE NATION TO A FRIEND!
(And save $3.)

Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $____ for ____ subscription(s).
(Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)
☐ Bill me later.

Add: Canada and Mexico: $3.50/24 issues, $7/one year; Other Foreign: $6.50/24 issues, $13/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D601

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commodore Dewey and his fleet to the Spanish Philippines—just in case. Spain promptly collapsed, and we inherited its Pacific and Caribbean colonies. Admiral Mahan's plan was working triumphantly.

In time we allowed Cuba the appearance of freedom while holding on to Puerto Rico. Then President William McKinley, after an in-depth talk with God, decided that we should also keep the Philippines, in order, he said, to Christianize them. When reminded that the Filipinos were Roman Catholics, the President said, Exactly. We must Christianize them. Although Philippine nationalists had been our allies against Spain, we promptly betrayed them and their leader, Aguinaldo. As a result it took us several years to conquer the Philippines, and tens of thousands of Filipinos died that our empire might grow.

The war was the making of Theodore Roosevelt. Surrounded by the flower of the American press, he led a group of so-called Rough Riders up a very small hill in Cuba. For this proto-photo opportunity he became a national hero, Governor of New York, McKinley's running mate and, when McKinley was killed in 1901, President.

Not everyone liked the new empire. After Manila, Mark Twain thought that the stars and bars of the American flag should be replaced by a skull and crossbones. He also said, "We cannot maintain an empire in the Orient and maintain a republic in America." He was right, of course. But as he was only a writer who said funny things, he was ignored. The compulsively vigorous Roosevelt defended our war against the Philippine population, and he attacked the likes of Twain. "Every argument that can be made for the Filipinos could be made for the Apaches," he explained, with his lovely gift for analogy. "And every word that can be said for Aguinaldo could be said for Sitting Bull. As peace, order and prosperity followed our expansion over the land of the Indians, so they will follow us in the Philippines."

Despite the criticism of the few, the Four Horsemen had pulled it off. The United States was a world empire. And one of the horsemen not only got to be president but for his pious meddling in the Russo-Japanese conflict, our greatest apostle of war was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. One must never underestimate the Scandinavian wit.

Empires are restless organisms. They must constantly renew themselves; should an empire start leaking energy, it will die. Not for nothing were the Adams brothers fascinated by entropy. By energy. By force. Brooks Adams, as usual, said the unsayable. "Laws are a necessity," he declared. "Laws are made by the strongest, and they must and shall be obeyed." Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. thought this a wonderful observation, while the philosopher William James came to a similar conclusion, which can also be detected, like an invisible dynamo, at the heart of the novels of his brother Henry.

According to Brooks Adams, "The most difficult problem of modern times is unquestionably how to protect property under popular governments." The Four Horsemen fretted a lot about this. They need not have. We have never had a popular government in the sense that they feared, nor are we in any danger now. Our only political party has two right wings, one called Republican, the other Democratic. But Henry Adams figured all that out back in the 1890s. "We have a single system," he wrote, and "in that system the only question is the price at which the proletariat is to be bought and sold, the bread and circuses." But none of this was for public consumption. Publicly, the Four Horsemen and their outriders spoke of the American mission to bring to all the world freedom and peace, through slavery and war if necessary. Privately, their constant fear was that the weak masses might combine one day against the strong few, their natural leaders, and take away their money. As early as the election of 1876 socialism had been targeted as a vast evil that must never be allowed to corrupt simple American persons. When Christianity was invoked as the natural enemy of those who might limit the rich and their games, the combination of cross and dollar sign proved—and proves—irresistible.

During the first decade of our disagreeable century, the great world fact was the internal collapse of China. Who could pick up the pieces? Britain grabbed Kowloon; Russia was busy in the north; the Kaiser's fleet prowled the China coast; Japan was modernizing itself, and biding its time. Although Theodore Roosevelt lived and died a dedicated racist, the Japanese puzzled him. After they sank the Russian fleet, Roosevelt decided that they were to be respected and feared even though they were our racial inferiors. For those Americans who served in World War II, it was an article of faith—as of 1941, anyway—that the Japanese could never win a modern war. Because of their slant eyes, they would not be able to master aircraft. Then they sank our fleet at Pearl Harbor.

Jingoism aside, Brooks Adams was a good analyst. In the 1890s he wrote: "Russia, to survive, must undergo a social revolution internally and/or expand externally. She will try to move into Shansi Province, richest prize in the world. Should Russia and Germany combine..." That was the nightmare of the Four Horsemen. At a time when simpler folk feared the rise of Germany alone, Brooks Adams saw the world ultimately polarized between Russia and the United States, with China as the common prize. American maritime power versus Russia's landmass. That is why, quite seriously, he wanted to extend the Monroe Doctrine to the Pacific Ocean. For him, "war [was] the ultimate form of economic competition."

We are now at the end of the twentieth century. England, France and Germany have all disappeared from the imperial stage. China is now reassembling itself, and Confucius, greatest of political thinkers, is again at the center of the Middle Kingdom. Japan has the world money power and wants a landmass; China now seems ready to go into business with its ancient enemy. Wars of the sort that the Four Horsemen enjoyed are, if no longer possible, no longer practical. Today's conquests are shifts of currency by computer, and the manufacture of those things that people everywhere are willing to buy.

I have said very little about writers because writers have figured very little in our imperial story. The founders of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both republic and empire wrote well: Jefferson and Hamilton, Lincoln and Grant, T.R. and the Adamses. Today public figures can no longer write their own speeches or books; and there is some evidence that they can't read them either.

Yet at the dawn of the empire, for a brief instant, our *professional* writers tried to make a difference. Upton Sinclair and company attacked the excesses of the ruling class. Theodore Roosevelt coined the word "muckraking" to describe what they were doing. He did not mean the word as praise. Since then a few of our writers have written on public themes, but as they were not taken seriously, they have ended by not taking themselves seriously, at least as citizens of a republic. After all, most writers are paid by universities, and it is not wise to be thought critical of a garrison state which spends so much money on so many campuses.

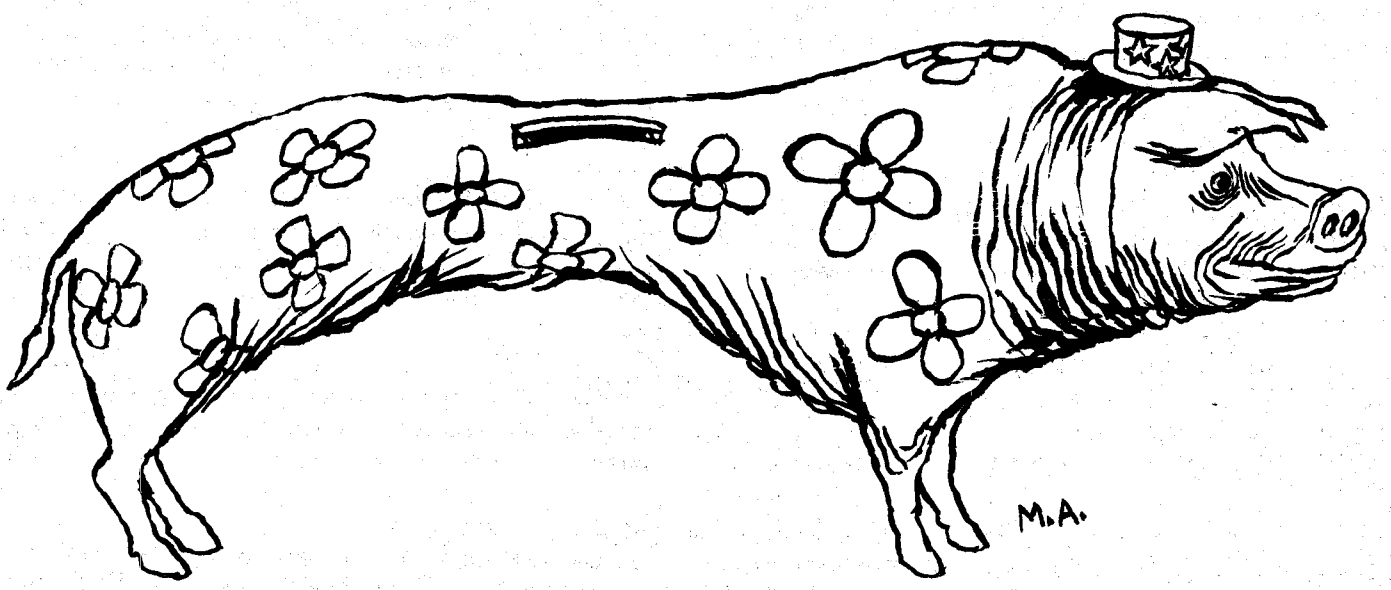
When Confucius was asked what would be the first thing that he would do if he were to lead the state—his never-to-be-fulfilled dream—he said *rectify the language.* This is wise. This is subtle. As societies grow decadent, the language grows decadent, too. Words are used to disguise, not to illuminate, action: you liberate a city by destroying it. Words are used to confuse, so that at election time people will solemnly vote against their own interests. Finally, words must be so twisted as to justify an empire that has now ceased to exist, much less make sense. Is rectification of our system possible for us? Henry Adams thought not. In 1910 he wrote: "The whole fabric of society will go to wrack if we really lay hands of reform on our rotten institutions." Then he added, "From top to bottom the whole system is a fraud, all of us know it, laborers and capitalists alike, and all of us are consenting parties to it." Since then, consent has grown frayed; and we have become poor, and our people sullen.

To maintain a thirty-five-year arms race it is necessary to have a fearsome enemy. Not since the invention of the Wizard of Oz have American publicists created anything quite so demented as the idea that the Soviet Union is a monolithic, omnipotent empire with tentacles everywhere on earth, intent on our destruction, which will surely take place unless we constantly imitate it with our war machine and its secret services.

In actual fact, the Soviet Union is a Second World country with a First World military capacity. Frighten the Russians sufficiently and they might blow us up. By the same token, as our republic now begins to crack under the vast expense of maintaining a mindless imperial force, we might try to blow them up. Particularly if we had a President who really was a twice-born Christian, and believed that the good folks would all go to heaven (where they were headed anyway) and the bad folks would go where *they* belong. Fortunately, to date, we have had only hypocrites in the White House. But you never can tell.

Even worse than the not-very-likely prospect of a nuclear war—deliberate or by accident—is the economic collapse of our society because too many of our resources have been wasted on the military. The Pentagon is like a black hole; what goes in is forever lost to us, and no new wealth is created. Hence, our cities, whose centers are unlivable; our crime rate, the highest in the Western world; a public education system that has given up . . . you know the litany.

There is now only one way out. The time has come for the United States to make common cause with the Soviet Union. The bringing together of the Sovet landmass (with all its natural resources) and our island empire (with all its technological resources) would be of great benefit to each society, not to mention the world. Also, to recall the wisdom of the Four Horsemen who gave us our empire, the Soviet Union and our section of North America combined would be a match, industrially and technologically, for the Sino-Japanese axis that will dominate the future just as Japan dominates world trade today. But where the horsemen thought of war as the supreme solvent, we now know that war is worse than useless. Therefore, the alliance of the two great powers of the Northern Hemisphere will double the strength of each and give us, working together, an opportunity to survive, economically, in a highly centralized Asiatic world. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Our Bodies, Our Statues

MAUREEN MULLARKEY

MONUMENTS & MAIDENS: The Allegory of the Female Form. *By Marina Warner. Atheneum. 417 pp. $25.*

This is a book you can take out for a beer. At its best, it is wry, witty, opinionated and gossipy. You can't always trust it to pay its own way but every so often the prose itself picks up the tab. The trouble is, the book wants to be treated like a Royal Academician. It flaunts its research like Jane Russell's cleavage, thrusting data under your nose with voluptuous abandon. This would be O.K. if it weren't for the recurring clues that the bodice is padded. If you are impressed by this sort of aggressive pedagogy, the book will give you what you deserve. It will blow smoke in your face—elegant spirals of fumy scholarship, but smoke nonetheless.

The purpose of *Monuments & Maidens* is to examine how women's identity has been defined, since classical times, by symbolic uses of the female form. The book is an intricately contrived, extravagantly documented tour de force which is more convincing in its asides than in its axioms and lines of argument. In the rare moments when she forgoes the postures of the don for the prerogatives of the essayist, Warner is a gifted observer capable of flavorful irony and grace. She is also an inspired scavenger. Some of the book's most commanding portions are to be found in its quotations and paraphrases: William Gass on monuments ("The monumental monument tends to be, in this way, an open emblem. It tends to be FOR RENT"); Robert Musil on the invisibility of statues; Edith Wharton's description of Lily Bart posing as a painting by Reynolds; the précis of Svetlana Alpers's meditation on Vermeer.

In setting out to demonstrate "the continuing vitality and presence" of allegory in our lives, Warner takes her cue from C.S. Lewis. In *The Allegory of Love*, Lewis remarked: "Allegory, in some sense, belongs not to medieval man but to man, or even to mind, in general. It is of the very nature of thought and language to present what is immaterial in picturable terms." At first glance, she seems suited to build on Lewis's reminder. She herself has an allegorical mind, wondrously loaded with images.

The book is valuable as long as Warner remains true to her first purpose (as in the fine discussion of allegorical motifs in Thomas Eakins or the clever digression on Claes Oldenburg). This is hard for her to do because she is less interested in allegory than in grievance: "Every day, in public and private, we exchange goods, both as commodities and as ideas, as shared aspirations, desired proofs of status and badges of identity through the symbolic form of the female figure." Behind the language of transaction here is the hum of axes grinding. Even if you assent to the assumptions implicit in the word "commodities," you have to ask, Is the male any less a commodity, any less a vulnerable participant in this living allegory? What do we learn about ourselves if we scrutinize Pandora and forget about Pan? There are nymphs but there are also fauns, satyrs and sileni. Are the nymphs denigrating but the others not? Since the human figure cannot be depicted without gender, does it follow that every decision about gender is an exploitation and a confiscation? By omitting the male from the discussion of this symbolic order, Warner sets the stage for yet another sermon on the ways in which Western "phallocracy" has "exploited and violated," "reified and colonized" women's bodies.

The instruction begins with Warner's pledge to reveal how the false promises "of classical and Christian culture" are "conveyed by the bodies of women." "Women's bodies." "The bodies of women." The book is peppered with the phrases. They are code words more highly charged than "the female form" of the subtitle although she uses the terms interchangeably.

Warner's insistence that all the touchstones of Western imagination are a direct assault on women's bodies is not the result of conscientious, informed inquiry. As presented here, it proceeds from an a priori indictment for which evidence has been accumulated with manic single-mindedness. She loads the dice by ignoring any distinctions between symbolism and allegory (they have "different histories and different values," Lewis cautioned). Allegory comes to mean anything that stands for anything else. The "female form" is interpreted as any reference to the female made at any time and in any medium: folklore, classical cosmology, patriotic exhortation, medieval legend, political cartoons, logos on olive oil cans, Renaissance frescoes, easel painting, playing cards, the structure of Indo-European languages. Clarity is less appealing to Warner than demolition. The wrecking ball first swings into view in the book's opening quotation from Walter Benjamin. Benjamin likens the course of history, with its procession of collapsing regimes, to a child's kaleidoscope: "The ideas of those in power have always been the mirrors thanks to which the picture of an 'order' came about.—The kaleidoscope must be smashed."

This will to destroy runs throughout the text, signaling an intention that does not scruple to maim its data for effect. There is no shortage of trumped-up inferences. The most conspicuous of these is the suggestion that the history of art is one long smirk.

Warner's discussion of the nude is a hodgepodge of art-historical fact, pseudofeminist umbrage ("We won't play nature to your culture") and fabricated conclusions. Having absorbed nothing from Kenneth Clark's explorations of the classical nude, it all leads up to the single maudlin pathetic fallacy:

> She [the female nude] is a "negative imprint of domination" whose own erotic drives do not matter, only those she excites. The nude lies on architraves, holds up portals, ministers to great achievers in the streets of cities from London to Vienna to New York, and we are rarely asked to care what she is feeling, rather to feel better because of what she makes us feel.

Forced inferences move from the fustian to the flimsy to the salacious. In describing the reaction of a ferryload of schoolchildren on first sighting the Statue of Liberty, Warner describes their roar of delight as "a visceral response, quite like the sound of a male audience in a strip joint when one of the girls promises to uncover big boobs, but

Maureen Mullarkey is a painter who writes on art and culture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here issuing from the mouths of girls, not just boys . . . *and perhaps too young to intend anything openly dirty-minded.*" [Emphasis added.]

This is fun to read and to repeat. It isn't offered as entertainment, however. This is the kind of distorting mechanism that marks a tract. Behind the façade of polite, well-formulated discourse is that predictable hostility toward male doings that takes us out of the arena of serious criticism and into the pub for a night of bellyaching. In this episode as elsewhere there is the Dark Hint that something not quite savory, something voyeuristic and offensive, is going on. The Dark Hint makes racy what might otherwise be bland and prosaic. It lends ordinary supposition the *frisson* of pathology. Were the Statue of Liberty's features modeled on those of sculptor Bartholdi's stern-looking mother? Well, then, he "never shook himself entirely free of her, as the statue makes clear."

All that the statue makes clear is that Liberty has something to be dour about. Her expression is appropriate to Bartholdi's first conception of the statue as an elegy for the assassinated Lincoln. The expression is equally appropriate to the condition of France in the year when work on the project began—1871, the year of the bloody Paris Commune, which followed hard on the heels of France's humiliating defeat in the Franco-Prussian War. In grafting his mother's expression onto the body of his wife, Bartholdi, as a sculptor, was doing what artists have always done. He was verifying his intentions with whatever was handy, most easily observed or remembered. Warner's emphasis on the *maman mystique*, apt as it may be as biography, is irrelevant to the way in which down-at-the-mouth Liberty is true to its creator's intention and his times. It is equally irrelevant to our understanding of the way in which the statue fulfills its function as public art.

The book's disconcerting shifts of tone, from the coy to the solemn to the lyrical, are the result of Warner's tendency to mimic her sources. The most thoughtful part of the essay on Liberty is a rewriting of Roland Barthes's motifs in *La Tour Eiffel*: the statue as an infinite cipher, an empty sign to be made into meaning; its scientific uses vis-à-vis its greater usefulness as myth; the exploration of the interior as an adventure of the eye and the imagination; the mythic potential of the panoramic view from the top and from

How to Become a "Black Belt" in Verbal Self-Defense

For anyone who's ever been pulverized by put-downs, rankled by reproaches, or irritated by insinuations, here's a revolutionary book that devotes itself *completely* to tactics of verbal self-defense. *The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* teaches you how to defend yourself *diplomatically* in delicate family situations and in the hard-nosed business world. And this book is so thorough and easy-to-understand that you can read it once and become the kind of person everybody admires—the person who stays unruffled during confrontations, who always says the right thing, and who enjoys good relations with everyone.

Stop Them with a Few Words

This book explains the various ways that people will try to bait you and then it tells you how to *stop* them with a few carefully chosen words. It trains you to defend yourself with a simple eloquence that will subdue your verbal opponents. And it shows you how and when to use blunt honesty, agreement, humor, flattery, and distraction.

Keep Cool During Arguments

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense also helps you avoid the self-defeating, overly emotional attitudes that many people assume during arguments. Once you've read this book, you'll *never again* lose an argument by being sullen, uncontrollably angry, peevishly defensive, or apologetic. You'll have gained enough savvy not to be thrown by hostile remarks.

Learn to Handle *All* Attacks

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense covers all the types of verbal attacks and attackers you're likely to encounter. And it explains both attacks and defenses with helpful features like these:

- The 8 Types of Verbal Attacks (and how to fight them.)
- The 4 Principles of Verbal Self-Defense (from *knowing* you are under attack to *following through* with your counter-attack.)
- The 5 Personalities & How They Communicate (Is your boss a "leveller?" Is your mother a "blamer?" Is your husband a "distracter?")
- Dialogues that Show Effective & Ineffective Defense Strategies
- Instructions on Voice Control & Body Language

These features will teach you how to deal with all types of people, including bullying bosses, backbiting coworkers, guilt-producing mothers, nagging wives, condescending husbands, and many others. And you'll discover how to counter *all* the varieties of verbal abuse—from subtle put-downs to out-and-out attacks.

Save Yourself Years of Mistakes

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense gives you a complete education in communication, an education that will improve the quality of your personal and professional relationships. On your own, it might take you years of trial and error, of fights and misunderstandings, to learn all the lessons of this book. So, why not wise up *now* by ordering your copy of the book today?

The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense, originally $12.95, now costs only $6.95. And, should you want to return the book, you can do so and have your money refunded with no questions asked.

About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.

310 PAGES
Pub. at $12.95
Only $6.95

SINCE 1873
Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES

Offer good only in continental U.S.A.
DEPT. V-167
126 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

1295690. Please rush me_____copies of *The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* at your special sale price of $6.95 (plus $.75 per book shipping and insurance per book). *N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.*

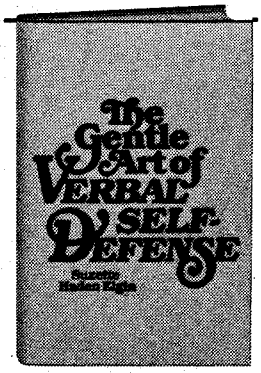
Name

Address

City

State Zip

30 Day Money-Back Guarantee



© 1985 Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Life, Good Death Through Control and Choice

HEMLOCK SOCIETY

Supporting the option of voluntary euthansia (or self-deliverance) for the terminally ill.

★★★★★★★

Let Me Die Before I Wake

By Derek Humphry $10.00

The only guide to voluntary euthanasia in America. Outlines methods.

Mail order price: $7.00 (includes shipping)

★★★★★★★

Join the Hemlock Society, help break taboos, change antique laws.

Hemlock Quarterly.

Goes with membership.

$20.00 ($15 Seniors)

The best informed newsletter on issues affecting euthanasia.

Living Will & Durable Power of Attorney for Health Care supplied free on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. 39 cent stamp.

HEMLOCK SOCIETY

Non-profit

P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066

(213) 391-1871

without. Barthes on the nineteenth century's conquest of the sky and its obsession with technological feats are paralleled by Warner's remarks on the American conquest of size and its obsession with the colossal. (While everything else by Barthes is listed in the Bibliography, *La Tour Eiffel* is not.)

Her chapter on Paris owes its structure—the walking tour of the *flâneur* educated in the art of straying—and its Baudelarian sensibility to Walter Benjamin's travel reminiscences. Full of Benjamin-like phrases and observations, the entire chapter is Warner imitating Benjamin quoting Baudelaire: "Everything for me becomes Allegory."

Perhaps this is simply homage to Benjamin's contention that one never knows a book until one copies it. The flood of documentation obscures Warner's lack of original ideas. The book owes more to its sources than is indicated. Warner comments at length on the fact that many abstract concepts (justice, charity, etc.) are personified by female figures because the Greek or Latin word for the concept was feminine in gender. That was an essential insight of Joan Ferrante's influential study *Woman as Image in Medieval Literature*. Ferrante is not credited with this but, instead, earns a footnote later on for an obscure quotation.

In the end, the book is tiresome. The liveliness of the early chapters trails off into unrelieved pedantry. The relentless citing of sources becomes a substitute for a personal voice. This is scholarship by the pound. Two pounds of Homer, Hesiod and Hobsbawm. Six ounces avoirdupois of Panofsky and Plato. A slice of Max Weber and Simone Weil. The Berenson looks good, so does the Philippe Aries and the John Berger. A little of each, please. It's all here, lined up like hams in Harrod's deli case. And sliced just as thin.

The book wearies, too, for graver reasons. It is bad feminism. Attracted to the myth of female moral advantage, it flirts with an ideological stance that deserves more scrutiny than it gets. Taking potshots at patriarchy, Peeping Toms and the ruling class is child's play, but the delicate task of examining one's own assumptions, developing an ear for one's own cant or confronting the failure of one's own ideals is far harder, more vital.

The spirited essay on Margaret Thatcher, so full of heartwarming malice, is ultimately frivolous. The finely wrought conceit of Thatcher-as-Britannia-as-Boadicea is grand reading. Thatcher herself would enjoy it for the tribute it actually is. It refuses to draw the lesson toward which it points and which allegory demands. The moral of the trope is that the stench of lethal arrogance is not limited to one gender.

Warner backs away from Thatcher and pushes on to the alternative image of the Greenham Common women. The section is an ecstatic chant to the communion of saints:

> Greenham Woman dances, keens, picnics in fancy dress, wears witches' costumes; constantly, she has recourse to archaic female customs and tasks, as mother, mourner, midwife and wisewoman. . . . The female order presented by Greenham is nurturing, peaceable, kind, fostering, forbearing; women soothe, they comfort, their nature is sacrificial.

The encampment is idealized as a celebration of symbolic power and a moral victory in "the drama of the sex war." Image here is at odds with substance, a fact Warner overlooks in the service of her own premise. When the missiles rise to incinerate us, moral victory will be indistinguishable from obscenity. It would be helpful to us, in the time we have left, to consider how the self-congratulatory, solipsistic theatrics of the more flamboyant women contributed to the encampment's failure to gain support from those not already in sympathy with their purposes. It is worth pondering to what extent Greenham's identification of nuclear war and sexual war undercut its own antinuclear commitment. Whether or not the encampment collaborated in its own bad press by brandishing menstrual rags, banners of mother goddesses, moon deities and the like, also bears examining.

The litmus test of the quality of Warner's feminism is her handling of Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party*. A thirty-nine-plate invitation to cunnilingus by a radical feminist Hummel, it was promoted around the country as a breakthrough in the class struggle between men and women. Ignoring the disparity between the project's self-important feminist purpose and its silly, reductive imagery, Warner applauds Chicago for "aiming at ambiguity, at plural significations, and at a positive iconography of the open orifice of origin, the vulva." She accepts Chicago's "avowed and idealistic pur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pose" at face value. The only reservation Warner dares show is couched in a demur so rarefied as to be meaningless:

> The problem is that such methods perpetuate the old distinctions, they still pivot on contrasts between open/closed, wet/dry, hard/soft, clean/dirty, culture/nature rather than dissolving altogether such oppositions in sexual difference as it is perceived.

This is tommyrot, an abuse of language. Warner might have mustered more courage if she had attended to the funding structure of *The Dinner Party*. The cost of the project, estimated at a quarter-million dollars, was absorbed by volunteer female labor. Of the hundreds who worked on the project (paying their own transportation to and from Chicago's West Coast workshop and their own living expenses there), only four people were paid: Chicago and the three men without whose technical expertise the enterprise would not exist. Groups of women everywhere volunteered to work with Chicago's (paid) public relations firms to bring the party to their town.

It's curious that a project purporting to celebrate the abilities of women couldn't find a living female potter or industrial designer or tapestry expert with enough know-how to justify a salary. The symbolic import of the difference between the salaried and the nonsalaried is not to be ignored, particularly in a project that roots its appeal in the abolition of hierarchy and class distinctions.

There is a difference between being a feminist and being enamored of the spectacle of oneself as a heretic. One is a moral commitment, the other a pose. This book muddles the two. Consequently, it applies its arguments like stage makeup to half-examined premises. It never penetrates the secret of how all of us, male and female, conspire to create these culprit cultures of ours. □

Hanging in There

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

MIDAIR. *By Frank Conroy. E.P. Dutton. 149 pp. $15.95.*

Frank Conroy's writing, in both his 1967 memoir *Stop-time* and in this long-delayed follow-up, is elegant but plain, and its disturbing power would be wholly unaccountable if the subject of this writing were anything but the author himself. *Stop-time*, a story of growing up in New York and Florida in the 1940s and 1950s, is—despite its glancing suggestions of Agee and Salinger—a terrifically original contribution to the autobiography-of-a-young-man genre. The conceit of the book is that these fragments of memory are flashing through the author's mind in the course of a drive through the English countryside in the dead of night, a high-speed, solitary ride, with the headlights off, that threatens to end in a pointless, self-willed crack-up. As a suspense mechanism, this can't work literally—we know, from the beginning of any autobiography, that the author lived long enough to tell the tale—but the odd framing device serves, instead, as a kind of metaphor for the genuine suspense created by Conroy's hushed, tenuous style. Throughout the book, he's evoked the abrupt dislocations of his childhood—his alienation from a mad father, a heedless mother and a dreamy stepfather, his helpless ricocheting among a dozen kinds of impermanence, like an endless succession of cross-country drives and dead-time layovers in airport lounges and has done it all with unnatural clarity, a suicidal calm. He writes like a man holding his breath, and he makes us scared for him.

What terrifies us in *Stop-time* is our sense that the author's messy, random experience has resulted in a system of responses that's too complex to sustain. Conroy's immaculate technique seems designed to master a kind of wild despair, and the detached style keeps him suspended high above his own life, but perilously—like a trapeze artist who knows everything depends on concentration, but can't help stealing glances at the ground. Right at the center of *Stop-time*—at the midway point of the writer's reckless drive, between his first memory, his father's madness, and his last, the unexpected breakdown of his sensible sister—are two chapters in which Conroy recalls first his boyhood obsession with the elaborate aerial maneuvers of the yo-yo ("I could do them all, without false starts or sloppy endings. I could do every trick in the book. Perfectly"), and then, after a move to New York, his playful fascination with the idea of falling from the fire escape ("After a few weeks the pavement five floors below, at first so far away, seemed almost close enough to touch. Every line in the cement, every cracked spot and variation in the surface was memorized"). These images linger when *Stop-time* is over and join up in *Midair*: Conroy's style is also his subject, the intricate exercises of the hand and the mind that hold unsupported things aloft.

Conroy has set the stakes for himself pretty high: if he's not in perfect control, if there's a word or an image that's not precisely placed, then everything—the story, the life—collapses. It's no wonder that this very slim book took him eighteen years to write—no wonder, either, that a few of the stories in *Midair* seem to have been worked and worried into a rather opaque self-sufficiency, their shapes drawn with a ruler and a compass. This doesn't appear to be a unified collection, or any kind of autobiography: the eight stories have no common characters, and the only two first-person narratives among them are in the form of official reports signed with strange Central European–sounding names. But Conroy created himself so vividly as a character in *Stop-time*, showed us so clearly the continuity of his writing and his personality, that it's impossible to read *Midair* as anything but a fragmented update on the life left hanging at the end of the earlier book. It's like a phone call from someone we'd lost track of, one of those awkward conversations in which every tiny variation of tone or phrasing seems overcharged by time and distance, by the suspense of wondering if we'll hear the person we used to know in the changed voice at the other end of the line.

The way *Midair* is laid out, Conroy sounds at first familiar, then strange, and then familiar again. In between the title story, which was published in 1984, and the final two, "Gossip" and "The Sense of the Meeting," which are also recent, are five stories from the early and middle 1970s. (One of them, "Transit," isn't dated, but clearly belongs to the earlier period.) As in *Stop-time*, he puts the weird stuff from the past, the things he's most estranged

Terrence Rafferty writes about fiction for The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from, in the middle, enclosing it in what's more intimate and present, his current self. Displayed like this, the mostly unsuccessful older stories manage to tell us a few things we want to know about the long period between *Stop-time* and the good new work: they seem to be attempts to leave his first book (and the life it represented) as far behind as possible, to conduct his art from an even greater height. The earliest and best of these, "Car Games," is like a vicious, compact parody of *Stop-time*: it's another suicide drive with memories mixed in, but this one (because it's in the third person) carries the horror to its logical end, a flameout on New York City's F.D.R. Drive.

If "Car Games" was intended as a self-inflicted wound, a brutal catharsis of *Stop-time*'s obsessions, it apparently did its job. The rest of Conroy's 1970s stories are cool and formal, casually fantastic but oddly tense: we feel the strain of a writer trying every trick in the book to get himself going again, as if pure *writing* could pull meaning out of thin air, without depending on experience. In these stories, Conroy is more than holding his breath—he wants to perform with his eyes closed, too. But even in these impossible exercises, something of Conroy's essential quality, his almost creepy self-awareness, comes through. They're all about failures of inspiration or communication, and their dissociated tone—the joylessness of their manipulations—tells us that the author knows that these, too, are chapters in an autobiography, evidence of a desperate, drifting time. The middle stories here are the equivalent of the bad jobs, dull schools, and perfunctory lays of *Stop-time*—worse, because this time Conroy doesn't dramatize his despair, he just embodies it. His detachment seems frighteningly absolute. In *Stop-time*, at least we knew what he was detached *from*.

In his recent work, though, Conroy has found his voice again, and these three long stories actually redeem the book: the bummers are still bummers, but become peculiarly moving in the light of what the later work reveals. In "Gossip," he uses his favorite form—the trick he's mastered better than any other writer—of elliptical biography, evoking an entire life in a handful of scattered events linked by quick, laconic summaries of the time between: "The end of the sixties marked a period of great change for George . . . and the changes frightened him profoundly. His marriage ended and he left the house with a hundred and thirty dollars, no job, and little confidence that he could ever write another book. . . . After several years he married a local girl, and eked out a living doing magazine journalism by mail, and hard physical labor on the fishing boats." These strange attacks of reticence make us suspect that there are things Conroy just doesn't know how to say, a whole range of experience that defies expression: instead, the emotion that isn't described seems to spill over into the relatively trival incidents that are, saturating them. Conroy's little anecdote about a nasty rumor becomes, without our being fully aware of it, a complex, delicately balanced essay on secrets, the dynamics of what's hidden and inexpressible. It's an amazing performance, effective because it disguises its precisely articulated structure with a lifelike aimlessness, and touching because we know how frequently in Conroy's work it's been the other way around.

He is, after all, a writer who's had to fight the temptation not to say anything at all, who's sometimes been unwilling to pile too much emotional weight on his fine technique, as if it might cause him to crash. But in "The Sense of the Meeting," he risks a simple structure (and content that borders on the sentimental) and gets a lot of himself into his account of a man, here named Kirby, watching his son play in a few college basketball games. The first game is a disaster, one of those off days when nothing clicks for the team as a whole and for the boy, Alan, in particular. In the second game, though, against the same team, "Alan concentrated on team play, searching out opportunities, quietly finding patterns that reinforced the rhythms of the team working as a unit. Kirby knew Alan was hot, and yet the delicacy of it all made him chew his lip." This may be the closest Conroy will ever come to a flat description of what writing means to him, how it feels when it's going right. After the game, Alan tells his father, "I'm glad you saw it. . . . There's no way I could have told you"—and those are the last lines of *Midair*, as if the whole book had been leading up to them. "The Sense of the Meeting" is less a sports story, or even a father-son story, than it is an ironic comment on the value of effort, an oblique admission that the delicate textures of achieved expression can't always be willed—that sometimes, unpredictably, the patterns just seem to coalesce around us.

Conroy's range isn't great, he's slow and his instincts are unreliable, but when he's on he's dazzling. The title story of this collection is like Alan's miraculous game: a burst of sustained inspiration, with no false moves. "Mid air" is a return to *Stop-time* territory the mad father, the child's terror, and the cracks in the sidewalk—the ones seen by the frightened 6-year-old Sean (as he's called here) as his father suspends him from a fire escape, and later, the ones the grown-up Sean looks down on as he tries to break into a lover's apartment from the roof, which give him a sense of "the cleanliness and orderliness of things." The story glides gracefully over forty years of Sean's life, leaving a lot out, lighting only on images of suspension, when memory calls up the exhilarating, fearful sensation of floating free. And it's told in the present tense, as if Sean's whole life (and Conroy's) were an extended, continuous moment of that single feeling. At the end, lying in bed, Sean recalls his father's terrible visit: "He remembers looking down at the cracks in the sidewalk. Here, in the darkness, he can see the cracks in the sidewalk from more than forty years ago. He feels no fear—only a sense of astonishment." His astonishment, as always in Conroy's work, is at how things are connected, the unlikely patterns of experience. What astonishes us is that, this one time at least, Conroy has fitted himself perfectly into this fragile structure, has done the trick in one smooth motion.

Despite the unevenness, *Midair*'s existence is a kind of victory. It proves that Conroy has managed to avoid turning the sensitive-adolescent version of himself in *Stop-time* into a paralyzing myth: he hasn't destroyed himself, as Agee did, or sunk into a petulant and irrevocable silence, as Salinger has. What's saved him, perhaps, is a kind of childlike dedication to getting things just right, a meticulousness that ruined his writing in the 1970s but gives his new stories their special tension, their scary balancing of emotion and formal precision. And this collection may not fully resolve the suspense of *Stop-time*, but in some ways it completes the earlier book, makes Conroy's work tell an oddly coherent and satisfying story. Taken to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether, *Stop-time* and *Midair* are the best record we have of the ups and downs of writing as if your life depended on it. □

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Fool for Love

A wide expanse of Western desert in the windless afternoon. The camera's lens, like a lone eagle's eye, sweeps over the stones and chaparral and settles on a tumbledown assemblage of shacks and junk at the edge of a lonely land. An old-timer walks among the ruins like a forgotten archaeologist left at a fruitless dig. At closer range, he appears to be none other than Harry Dean Stanton, an actor to whom the word "grizzled" is forever fastened as a Homeric epithet. Wait—I've seen this movie before. Why are they rereleasing *Paris, Texas*, more than a year after its disappointing premiere? I'm leaving; at these prices you won't get me to sit through a rerun of such pretentious expressionist flapdoodle about the death of the West, the irony of love, the ambiguity of sex and the pathology of family. And this screening is gratis.

As it turns out, this isn't Wim Wenders's Teutonic attempt to translate Sam Shepard into great cinema; it's Robert Altman's Hollywood version of same. *Fool for Love* is not exactly a foal of the earlier existential horse opera, but it certainly looks like a spiritual tablemate. Shepard merely wrote the screenplay for *Paris, Texas*. This time he adapted the script from his own play and acts the part of the leading man, which gives him ample opportunity to mire the proceedings in more creative muck. Shepard is nothing if not an overachiever. His plays, stories, poems and miscellaneous jottings fill the shelves, his prizes—one Pulitzer, a pride of Obies, plus Jessica Lange's Oscar, which should reasonably be counted as community property—load the mantelpiece. He has acted (or, more accurately, he has been) in three or four movies, where he has received much critical acclaim for standing around looking like Gary Cooper with snaggled teeth. And this is his best year so far, with a new play and a revival in New York, a cover story in *Newsweek*,

NEW DIRECTIONS

JOYCE CARY

"Second Trilogy." Prisoner of Grace, NDPaperbook 606. Except the Lord, NDP607. Not Honour More, NDP608. "...by one of this century's masters of the English novel" *(Wash. Post Book World)*. $7.95 each

MAURICE COLLIS

The Land of the Great Image. A singular hybrid of travel, biography, and history about a 17th Century friar in Asia. "...a fantasy and a dream of strangeness" (Eudora Welty). NDP612, $9.95

ROBERT DUNCAN

Fictive Certainties. Thirteen essays on poetics and mythopoesis which move toward a contemporary definition of Duncan's own poetry. Cloth, $21.95 & NDP598, $9.95

B.S. JOHNSON

Christie Malry's Own Double-Entry. Novel. "A mordantly funny, invigorating literary experiment" *(Kirkus Reviews)*. $14.95 & NDP600, $6.95

OSCAR MANDEL

The Book of Elaborations. Sixteen elegant informal essays. "...a rigorously articulate difficult writer" (Guy Davenport). $17.95

ANTHOLOGY

New Directions 49. Ed. by J. Laughlin et. al. "...excellent poetry and prose by the writers who, in Pound's phrase, 'make it new' " *(Berkeley Voice)*. $19.50 & NDP609, $9.95

NICANOR PARRA

Antipoems: New and Selected. Ed. by David Unger. Intro. by Frank McShane. A fresh bilingual gathering reintroducing Chile's foremost poet to North American readers. $19.95 & NDP603, $8.95

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Collected Stories. Intro. by Gore Vidal. "Quite likely this volume will bring Williams a startling new reputation–rivaling his stature as a playwright–as a great American short-story writer" *(Kirkus Reviews)*. $19.95

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Selected Poems. A new edition. Ed. and intro. by Charles Tomlinson. $17.95 & NDP602, $5.95

Something to Say: William Carlos Williams on Younger Poets. Ed. and intro. by James E.B. Breslin. $23.95

Please send for complete catalog

NEW DIRECTIONS 80 Eighth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THUNDER'S MOUTH PRESS CONTEMPORARY FICTION SERIES

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SAN MARCOS
A Novel by William Packard $14.95/cloth

"Swift would have relished the savagery of Packard's satire on writer's conferences, on people and on style itself."
—Richard Eberhart

SMILES ON WASHINGTON SQUARE
A Novel by Raymond Federman
$13.95/cloth

"Federman has wit and intelligence."
—New York Times Book Review

MOZART, WESTMORELAND & ME
Stories by Marilyn Krysl $6.95/pbk.

"Krysl is funny, fierce, and feminist. I read her stories with considerable pleasure."
—John Updike

order from:
Thunder's Mouth Press • Box 780 • N. Y. C. 10025

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

a hot romance in the fanzines, and *Fool for Love* making its mark on midcult America. Who could ask for anything more?

Zip! Will Sam Shepard ever write a great play? Lorenz Hart gave Gypsy Rose Lee that line about William Saroyan in *Pal Joey*, but it applies as well to the current purveyor of regional Americana in the form of timeless drama. Much of Shepard's stage work has a raucous energy compounded of physical violence and sublimated sins against nature and close relatives. The stuff about the West is mostly boilerplate, a convenient symbol on which to hang his family plots. At his most abstract, Shepard is our Pinter. He taunts us with half-baked hints about the lives of characters before they come on stage (or screen), about the hidden history of their relationships and about their futures. The plays have no beginnings or ends, just middles. It has been said, and it sounds right, that no one can write a Pinter play except Pinter; it may be true, too, that no one can write a Shepard play, not even Shepard. His efforts seem incomplete, not because they are too short but because they so resolutely resist resolution and abjure antecedents. The danger with modernist abstraction is that its material is so self-referential that it has no meaning outside the mind of its creator. You never know whether the images are classic archetypes, important metaphors or merely patternless pieces summoned at random. Like Bob Dylan, whom he strongly resembles (the two appeared in *Renaldo and Clara*, which Dylan wrote), Shepard is not above producing highly personal trivia from some region of his memory and fobbing it off as trenchant symbolism. It used to work for Dylan (cf. "Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood/With his memories in a trunk") and it sometimes seems to work for Shepard, but do we really know? The lights grow dim as night descends on Desolation Row.

Director Altman must have convinced Shepard to open up *Fool for Love* on the theory that a movie audience would not sit still for 105 minutes as two characters slapped each other around on a single set. Altman should have trusted his directorial skills more, however, for he did a wonderful job in the enclosed milieu of *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*, a similar play "translated" cinematically almost word for word. Besides the aforementioned location shots way out West, Altman and Shepard fill their frames with nine new characters, three of whom are earlier, younger versions of the original two. The horrible secrets of Eddie and May's past are explicated in a series of monologues and depicted in flashbacks which grow more frequent as the film progresses. We still aren't told everything. The flashbacks are partisan renderings of reality, filled with the lies, half-truths and subjective judgments we loved so much in *Rashomon*, et seq. Harry Dean Stanton's Old Man (how's that for an ambiguous monicker?), one of the newcomers, is given the role of a guilt-ridden, mischievous and down-at-the-heels God the Father, rather like the Pentateuchal Yahweh, if contemporary accounts can be believed. Randy Quaid, an effective Shepardian actor before he joined the sinking *Saturday Night Live* ship, makes an appearance as a gentleman caller, for no discernible dramatic purpose. Throughout the film he does nothing in particular, but does it very well. The silliest added attraction is the countess (Deborah McNaughton), a *dea ex machina* if there ever was one, whose *machina* here is a Mercedes Benz, which we last see streaking through the desert expanse pursued by Shepard's Eddie on horseback. I half expected to hear John Wayne's voice over the scene shouting, "Take 'em to Missouri, Mac."

Let's see, have I forgotten anything? Ah yes, the plot. Eddie and May (Kim Basinger) have been at it for years, whatever "it" is, and the action of the movie involves a few hours of it in Motel Hell. Their obsessive relationship is too hot to handle, but as much as they cannot live together, they cannot stay apart. What binds them is also what repels them: the memory of innocence and the experience of sin, like Adam and Eve, like the West, like America. So they slap and scream, bite and kiss, stalk and pout and try to explain themselves to each other and the world. Often they look at each other with longing, lying eyes, while the minutes fly by like hours. The scene literally explodes at the end, but unfortunately both Eddie and May survive, which suggests that a sequel, though not wise, is always possible. □

ADVERTISE IN THE NATION
Call (212) 242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC.

FRANK ROSE

It's been six years now since X went national with *Los Angeles,* the album that epitomized the West Coast incarnation of punk. The Los Angeles they depicted was worse than anything Joan Didion ever imagined—a nightmare metropolis inhabited by psycho teens driven wild by bad TV and God knew what combination of drugs. What wasn't immediately apparent was that in the context of L.A. punk, X was art; that fast and furious as they were, they operated at one remove from the simple-minded nihilism of bands like Black Flag, Fear and the Germs. It was only after the punk explosion settled into the rigid formula of "hard core" and X began incorporating blues and country into its music that it became clear how far ahead of its audience this band was. X didn't see itself as a punk band at all; it saw itself in terms of the entire continuum of rock and roll. And with the release of the band's fifth album, *Ain't Love Grand,* that continuum has been extended to include heavy metal.

Heavy metal, for those of you who haven't been attending P.T.A. meetings lately, is the raw, guitar-driven sound of such million-selling groups as Motley Crue and Twisted Sister. What started out in the 1960s as the overamped rhythm and blues of the Yardbirds and the bad-trip acid rock of Iron Butterfly evolved in the hands of Led Zeppelin, Alice Cooper and Blue Oyster Cult into the metal behemoth of today. It's a style whose masturbatory guitar technique and violent sexual imagery seem to excite the adolescents of America as effectively as they disgust the wives on Capitol Hill. Virtually no one over the age of 19 actually likes this stuff—not even Frank Zappa, who testified on its behalf in Congress, but that's not the point. The point is that as far as millions of teen-agers are concerned, the true heir of the Stones and the Beatles is an Australian band called AC/DC. This is the open secret of rock and roll: that despite (or maybe because of) its rejection by the official custodians of the form, metal is the music kids turn to when

Frank Rose is a contributing editor of Esquire.

"Discovery"/*The Nation* 1986

Now in its twelfth year, the "Discovery"/*The Nation* contest, co-sponsored by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street Y and *The Nation* Magazine, is designed to attract large audiences to poets who have not yet published a book of poems. Each of four finalists will be awarded $200, a reading at The Poetry Center and publication in *The Nation.*

Grace Schulman, Advisor to The Poetry Center and Poetry Editor at *The Nation,* is the contest coordinator.

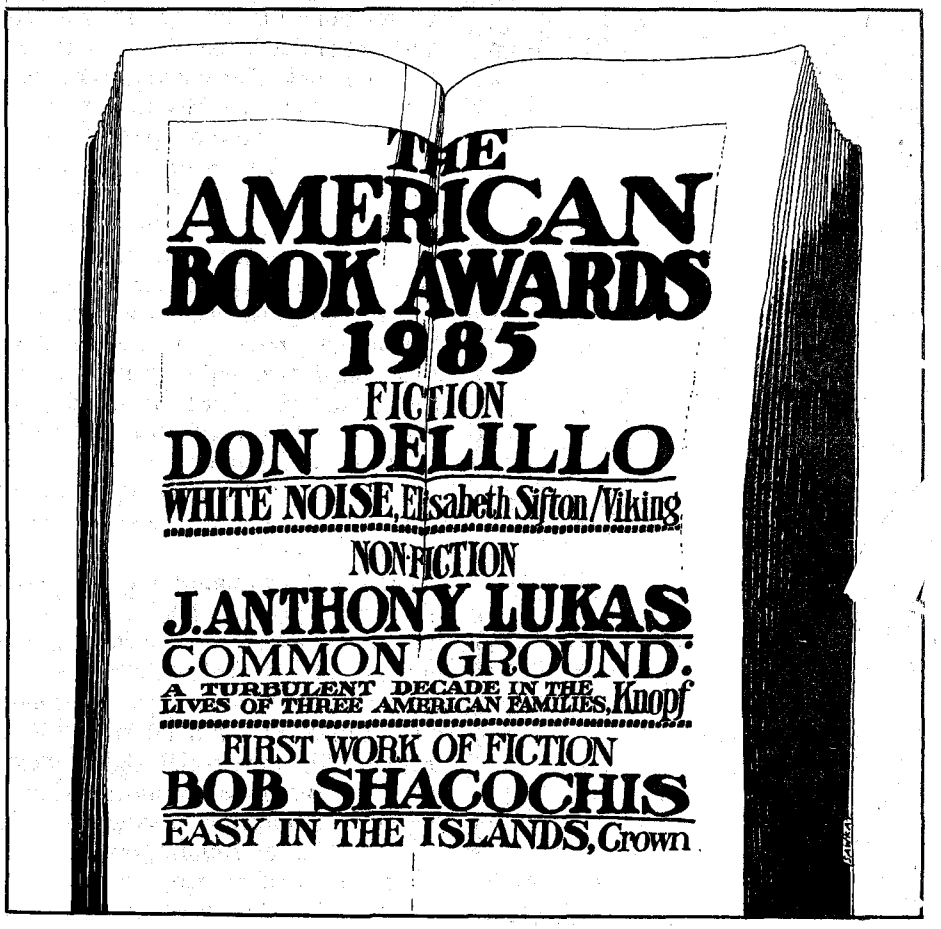
Requirements

1. The contest is open to poets who have not published a book of poems (chapbooks and self-published books included). Single poems which have been published previously elsewhere may be submitted.
2. Submit *four* sets of a ten-poem manuscript. Each set is to contain the *same* ten poems in the *same* order. Fasten each set securely with a staple in the upper left hand corner.
3. Photocopies are acceptable. However, in the case of previously published poems, do not send photocopied pages of the periodical or book in which the poem(s) originally appeared.
4. Personal identification and, in the case of previously published poems, copyright attributions, are not to appear on any of the poems. Instead, enclose one cover letter including your name, address and *day and evening telephone numbers,* as well as copyright attributions for published poems. Biographical information is not necessary.
5. All poems must be original and in English (no translations). The manuscript is not to exceed 500 lines in length total for the ten poems.
6. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 14, 1986. Please do not include return postage; the large number of entries we receive makes it impossible for us to return any manuscripts.
7. No more than one manuscript may be submitted by each contestant.

Mail to:

"Discovery"/*The Nation* 1986 c/o The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10128

92 St Y



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS.

DEFENDING AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

With: Noreen Connell, president New York State NOW, C. Vernon Mason, attorney, civil rights activist, recent candidate for Manhattan District Attorney.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 8 PM

Workman's Circle Cultural Center
369 8th Avenue at 28th Street
New York City

$3 donation requested. Sponsored by New York Democratic Socialists of America. For information (212) 254-6289.

FIRST SOLIDARITY CONFERENCE WITH CHILE AND LATIN AMERICA

Representatives from Chile and El Salvador on the nature of solidarity work and organizing "Poder Popular."

FRIDAY EVENING TO SUNDAY, JANUARY 10 TO 12

Women's Building
3543 18th Street
San Francisco

For information (415) 648-6285 or (415) 285-9564.

PORNOGRAPHY HEARINGS ALERT

The National Coalition Against Censorship will hold a public information briefing on the Meese Commission on Pornography.

Kurt Vonnegut, Colleen Dewhurst, Kitty Kelley and others will speak.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 10:45 AM

Cafe 43
147 W. 43rd Street near Broadway
New York City

To register call (212) 944-9899.

1984 Academy Survey of Documentary Films

This week 2 films

CODE GRAY: ETHICAL DILEMMAS IN NURSING

ABORTION: STORIES FROM NORTH AND SOUTH

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 3 AND 6:30 PM

The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street, New York City

The Academy Survey is a special program of the Museum's "What's Happening?" series of social and political films. Museum admission is on a "pay what you wish" basis Thursday evenings.

WRITERS AGAINST APARTHEID

Margaret Atwood, Breyten Bretenbach, Dennis Brutus, J.M. Coetzee, Nadine Gordimer, Elizabeth Hardwick, Norman Mailer, Toni Morrison, Sipho Sepamla, Susan Sontag reading from their work.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 7 PM

Hunter College Auditorium
69th Street off Park Avenue
New York City

Tickets $12 in advance, $15 at door, $10 student.

For tickets call (212) 879-8428.

The proceeds to benefit the African Arts Fund Scholarship Program for Black South African Artists.

To place your event call (212) 242-8400, ext. 26 $35 per column inch.

they're feeling rebellious, when they're in the mood for something violent and sexist and nasty.

The L.A. scene has softened in recent years, with other bands adopting X's roots-conscious approach and the once strict dividing line between hard core and metal beginning to blur. But to many of their fans, punks and non-punks alike, the idea that X would "go metal" is incomprehensible except as a sellout. Not that X has actually gone metal at all: they got guitarist Billy Zoom to lay out some caterwauling guitar licks and they hired Michael Wagener (best known for his handling of metal groups like Dokken and Accept) to produce the record, but they didn't don dog collars or join the church of Satan or come up with a lyric to match "I'm gonna force you at gunpoint to eat me alive" (from a recent Judas Priest LP). Even so, this record does have its moments.

They don't come from flashy guitar work though. While the music is as straightforward as ever, the raw explosiveness of their earlier work has been replaced by a plodding sound that Zoom fails to enliven. Musically they seem unsure of themselves, as if groping for some new self-definition they haven't fully articulated. Thematically, however, *Ain't Love Grand* is something quite remarkable: a bitter testament to the power of love. The best songs have a sense of betrayal, of loss, of curdled passion and withered hope. When Exene Cervenka and John Doe split up last year, so did the foundation of the group since, as its songwriters and singers, they had rested their admittedly bleak vision on the underpinnings of marital and musical harmony. The duets they sing here sound strangely disconnected, as if they recorded them without listening to each other. And yet when they do connect, it's with a fervor that is awesome. On "My Goodness," the two of them—she singing, he on bass—set up a slow, grinding tension that suggests a caged female in heat. And on "Burning House of Love," Doe is a man who falls asleep with a cigarette burning and dreams of torching his ex-lover's home. Can a song overflow with emptiness? This one does.

"Burning House of Love" is the album's triumph, a lonely howl that's set afire by a stinging guitar and a nimble drumbeat. What they've achieved with it is a sort of rockabilly metal, as jagged and powerful as the version of "Wild Thing" they recorded with Wagener last year. It establishes them as a truly radical band, one whose vision encompasses nothing less than the creation of a new American music. Did they do it to sell more records? Sure. But as Exene remarked while gazing enviously at a Mötley Crüe poster in a record-company conference room, "If we'd wanted to be accepted that bad, we would have gone full tilt." To which John responded, "I can't wear pants that tight." □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 2*)

Miskito uprising as entirely the result of a C.I.A. plot. As documented by the above-mentioned organizations, Washington had nothing to do with the Indians' original grievances, which arose from the short-sightedness of misinformed Sandinista officials. It was only after the arrest of the Miskito leadership and the flight of thousands of Indians to Honduras that the C.I.A. and its *contra* allies began arming the Miskitos.

Unlike Dunbar Ortiz, I think it is important to ask why the Indians took up arms in the first place. The Miskitos repeatedly stated—and the Sandinista leadership has since confirmed—that the rebellion sought not the overthrow of the government but recognition of Indian rights by the Sandinistas. That the Indians take arms from the *contras* does not make them counterrevolutionaries, any more than the Nicaraguan government's acceptance of arms from the Soviet Union makes it a Russian stooge. As Dunbar Ortiz herself admitted in "Indigenous World," "Fortunately the leadership of the Miskito combatants know [*sic*] well that the FDN is racist against them, and that the CIA has its own objectives, which are not their own."

I did not characterize the return of the Miskitos to the Coco River as unexpected. I said the government's decision to allow them to return was unexpected: it came as a surprise to both Sandinista officials and the Indians. In reporting that fact, I in no way "accept[ed] the notion" that the Indians were "vindictively relocated." On the contrary, I cited the I.A.C.H.R.'s conclusion that the relocation was begun as a defensive measure.

Eyewitness reports published by the I.W.G.I.A., I.A.C.H.R. and others prove that the earliest confrontations did not arise from some C.I.A. conspiracy manipulated by Fagoth but were the result of misunderstandings at the local level. A crucial turning point was the Nicaraguan government's arrest of the entire Miskito leadership. I find it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard to believe that Fagoth arranged that!

Dunbar Ortiz cannot have it both ways. If the Miskitos' struggle was counterrevolutionary, how could the Sandinistas have erred in confusing Indian grievances with the *contra* war, as she admits? As to the November 1983 amnesty, which was proclaimed largely because of pressure on the Sandinistas from the I.A.C.H.R., it was not general; some Miskitos remained in prison. Moreover, the government did not account for the disappearance of more than seventy Miskitos. Talks with Misurasata started in the fall of 1984, not in mid-1984.

Fighting continues in the region despite the tenuous cease-fire. Ambushes are still taking place near Puerto Cabezas, and the situation in the area north of Prinzapolka is more serious than it was in 1982. Indians and Sandinistas clashed recently, following an attack from Leimus on Miskito Indians, who had returned to their camp at Tasba Pri to harvest a rice crop they had planted. The Indians were beaten up, and one was killed.

Accounts by Miskito refugees, Moravian church officials and independent observers confirmed that in the period immediately following the government's announcement that the Indians could return to the Coco River (the same time at which I wrote the articles), the Miskitos walked or hitched rides from the government settlement at Tasba Pri after they tired of waiting for government vehicles. Those same sources confirmed the Indians' lack of food, seeds and agricultural tools; their claims were verified on the scene by reporters for *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. The situation is much the same today, according to visitors to the Coco River communities. They state that the food situation is very bad because of a scarcity of rice, beans and cooking oil, and that the Indians are lucky to eat one meal a day.

Dunbar Ortiz ends her letter by again attempting to obscure the essential cause of the Miskito rebellion, which occurred because of the Sandinistas' refusal to recognize the Indians' land and cultural rights. I agree that we must oppose U.S. intervention in Nicaragua and elsewhere, but in supporting the Nicaraguans' right to self-determination, we cannot deny similar rights to the Indians. Although she purports to represent Indian rights, Dunbar Ortiz wants us to ignore the Miskitos' grievances because of the larger war waged by Washington against Nicaragua. But two wrongs do not make a right. Nor do we help the Sandinistas by ignoring their failures. *Penny Lernoux*

DONALD SHAFFER ASSOCIATES, INC.
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
718-895-7005, 516-466-4642

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

BOOKS

400 SELF-IMPROVEMENT BOOKS. $1 (refundable) for brochure. Harcom Enterprises, Dept. 43A, 53 Sherman Street, Patchogue, NY 11772.

BOOKLETS

ARE YOU A FRIEND (QUAKER) WITHOUT KNOWING IT? The life one lives expresses one's religion. With Friends, religion is experiential—not creed, nor outward sacrament, nor ritual. It inspires us toward peace, justice, reconciliation, rehabilitation. Curious? Write for free booklet "The Quakers," to: FGC, Dept. NQ, 1520 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $4 to Vector Associates, Box 6215-B, Bellevue, WA 98008. Or request details.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search. Write: Sperling Books, Dept. N, Box 1766, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

BUMPER STICKERS

"REAGAN'S STAR WARS: May the FARCE be with us." $2; 3 for $5; Gardner, Box N-3428, Eugene, OR 97403.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 19 years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic, crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

DOCUMENTARY FILMS

"HUNGRY FOR PROFIT" investigates agribusiness and hunger in the Third World. Oxfam: "Fills a serious gap in our education resources." Bread for the World: "I'm glad somebody had the courage to tell this story!" Sales/rental brochure: Richter Productions, 330 West 42 Street, New York, NY 10036. (212) 947-1395.

EDUCATION

CA ESAS IDO. La kato regardas la muso. La muso regardas la fromago. La taso esas sur la tablo. Me drinkas teo da la taso. Me sidas ye la tablo. Me skribas letro. To learn Ido, please write Tom Todd, 3709 West Main, Kalamazoo, MI 49007.

EDUCATION

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!
Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 42 languages in all. Comprehensive. Free catalog. Write:
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 190, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA
Four hours of classes daily, meetings with political leaders, family living, and community work. Monthly entry dates.
Casa Nicaraguense de Espanol. 853 Broadway, Room 1105, New York, NY 10003. (212) 777-1197.

"NICA": ESTELI, NICARAGUA
Learn Spanish in revolutionary Nicaragua! NICA offers year-round programs of family living, language classes, community work and seminars with Nicaraguan leaders. Apply now for 1986 sessions. Call or write: NICA, Box 1409, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142.

HALLEY'S COMET

HALLEY'S COMET CALENDAR and viewing guide. Rush $5.95 plus $1.25 postage and handling to: SHOPPERS MARKET, Box 352-A, Latrobe, PA 15650.

HOUSE SITTING

WANTED: Responsible person or couple to caretake contemporary home in rural Kentucky, January 15 through March 15. Experience with wood heat, own transportation. References a must. Call (212) 420-1288.

MERCHANDISE

Good people doing honest work for a good cause

GIVE A BIRD A HOME
- *Completely Assembled*
- *All Natural*
- *Quality*

$18.00 Shipped

SANCTUARY
Box 330, Rt. 1
Star Tannery, Va. 22654

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

NICARAGUA

JOIN THE HARVEST

Volunteer work brigades leaving for Nicaragua, January through February, to help with coffee and cotton harvests. 2- or 3-week periods, approximate cost $400 plus travel. Also, special brigades: Third World, Jewish, Elders, Unitarian-Universalist. Nicaragua Exchange. 239 Centre Street, New York, NY 10013. (212) 219-8620.

Solidarity that works.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

600 SQUARE FEET, plus large conference room, as subtenant in shared commercial loft. West 33rd Street, Manhattan. $1,100 per month. Call Sue Reynolds (212) 239-9410.

ORGANIZATIONS

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

PERSONALS

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER links compatible, *peace-oriented singles, all areas. Free sample:* Box 7737-A, Berkeley, CA 94707

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles, 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (215) 358-5049.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

NICARAGUA NEEDS COMPUTER PROFESSIONALS, engineers, economists, technicians, machinists, statisticians, etc. for 2-week (or more) volunteer work. Group trips every 8 weeks. Call TechNICA: California (415) 654-7768, Boston (617) 782-0510, New York (212) 427-0634.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230 per year. Now hiring. Call (805) 687-6000 ext. R-3596 for current federal list.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

STAFF EDITOR, DOLLARS & SENSE MAGAZINE. Responsibilities include writing/editing articles on current economic issues/trends and magazine management (circulation, promotion). Political experience and interest in collective process desirable. Salary $12,300, 80 percent time, health benefits. Send resume and writing samples, by February 1, to: Dollars & Sense, 38 Union Square, Somerville, MA 02143.

ORGANIZER FOR ILLINOIS FREEZE Campaign and Freeze Voters for Central Illinois. Letter and resume to: Bernice Bild, Illinois Freeze Campaign, 17 North State Street, #908, Chicago, IL 60602.

UNION ORGANIZER. U.I.W. Local 424 seeks individual for union staff to organize and provide service for workers employed in a variety of industries in and around the New York metropolitan and Long Island area. Bilingual fluency is a plus. Excellent benefits. Salary based on skills and experience. Apply ASAP. (516) 467-3500.

OFFICE MANAGER. The Fund for Open Information and Accountability is a nonprofit organization working on freedom of information issues relating to government secrecy, the sanctuary movement and the nuclear industry. Excellent office and writing skills required. Open immediately. Salary $18,000 plus benefits. Send resume to: Search Committee, FOIA, Inc., 339 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012.

NEW YORK MOBILIZATION FOR SURVIVAL has 2 full-time openings:

FUND-RAISING COORDINATOR to administer and oversee events, direct mail, phone banking, etc. Some program work. Strong organizing and writing skills and some fund-raising experience required.

OFFICE COORDINATOR/MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR to coordinate volunteers, oversee office administration including finances, develop and sustain membership.

SALARIES $270 *per week plus benefits. Applicants* should be experienced with and committed to peace and justice work. Send resume and cover letter to: N.Y.M.F.S., 135 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10012 by January 10.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

OFFICE ADMINISTRATOR. Must have administrative and secretarial skills. Responsibilities: oversee rapidly growing mailing list, manage numerous and complex systems and office management. Bilingual preferred Salary $18,000. MADRE is a national organization supporting women and children in Central America and the Caribbean. MADRE is an affirmative-action employer Please send resume to: MADRE, 853 Broadway, Room 301, New York, NY 10003, Attn: Personnel Committee

HEALTH PROFESSIONALS wanted to work in Esteli Nicaragua. Triage nurse, lab technician, pediatrician and dentist wanted to work April 1986 through April 1987 *at clinic built by U.S. volunteers. Functional Spanish re*quired. Send curriculum vitae and letter of intent to Vecino c/o Peggy Lynch, 26 Cpl. McTernan Street, Cambridge, MA 02139.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN WORKERS, ACORN Associates Nationwide. Requirements include experience in low income areas (preferably with political campaigns) Salary negotiable. Send resume to: Ned McCulloch ACORN, 522 8th Street S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003 List all political campaign experience and organizing experience.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT. Writer requires full-time editorial assistance with World War II somewhat fictionalized history. Working part-time with author in Stamford, CT. Reply to Nation Box 21.

POSTERS

GENITALIA OF ANIMAL KINGDOM. Poster depicts 12 male organs from man to whale. Great gift idea. $10 Poster C, Box 1348, New York, NY 10025.

ORIGINAL PROTEST POSTERS from South Africa—"Forward to Freedom"; "Release our People"; 1986 calendar from Federation of South African Trade Unions. All proceeds to liberation groups in South Africa. $7.50 each, $20 for three, plus $2 handling. POSTER PROJECT, Box 2911, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

THE PEOPLE. Socialist biweekly covering major national/international developments. Since 1891. $4/one year, includes free pamplet. "Capitalism and Unemployment." $1/four months. The People (N1), 914 Industria Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

NON-WHITE IMMIGRANTS ARE MAKING IT, BLACKS AREN'T

Are blacks to blame? Many say yes.

Find out in the December/January issue of OFARI'S BI-MONTHLY, Box 2368, Inglewood CA 90305, $1.50.

HISTORY OF CHESS. H.J.R. Murray's classic account of the development of chess. Quality reprint of the Oxford edition. 936 pages, illustrated. $39.95 plus $2.50 shipping. Benjamin Press, Box 112, Northampton MA 01061.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.80 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $35/column inch. Copy deadline 17 days prior to issue date. **Payment must accompany order.**

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency. **Rates effective through 2/28/86.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLICATIONS

THINKPEACE is a new publication devoted to searching for better approaches to the challenge of creating peace and disarmament. We seek the input of creative and independent thinkers. For more information, write or call San Francisco Study Group for Peace and Disarmament, 2735 Franklin Street, San Francisco, CA 94123 (415) 673-7422.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1. (U Repair). Also delinquent tax property. Call (805) 687-6000, ext GH-3596 for information.

RELIGION

136 + BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS, 49 Biblical Absurdities, More! $3. Crusade Publications, Box 200-U, Redmond, WA 98052.

TRAVEL

NICARAGUA. People-to-people, one-week trip delegations from Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, or join us in Mexico City. First 1986 trip departs February 10. Information: Alice McGrath, Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

TRAVEL TO FESTIVALS. "Best Festivals of North America" for performing arts: music, theater, film, etc. $7.95 ppd. "Gourmet Food & Wine Festivals" selects top culinary-arts events. $5.95 ppd. Both books include detailed information: dates, participants, prices, other local attractions, etc. Order: Printwheel Press, 2674 E. Main Street, #C-124, Ventura, CA 93001.

COSTA RICA: 2 rooms, private bath, room and board available. Long-term preferred. Box 191, Fredonia, NY 14063.

U.S.S.R.-MONGOLIA-CHINA
AROUND THE WORLD 28 DAYS $3,495
Peace and friendship tour departs New York July 11. All fares, 3 meals daily, first-class hotels, sightseeing excursions, theaters, peace meetings. Other tours and cruises available. Write or phone. Progressive tours, Box 345, Deerfield Beach, FL 33441. (305) 427-4779.

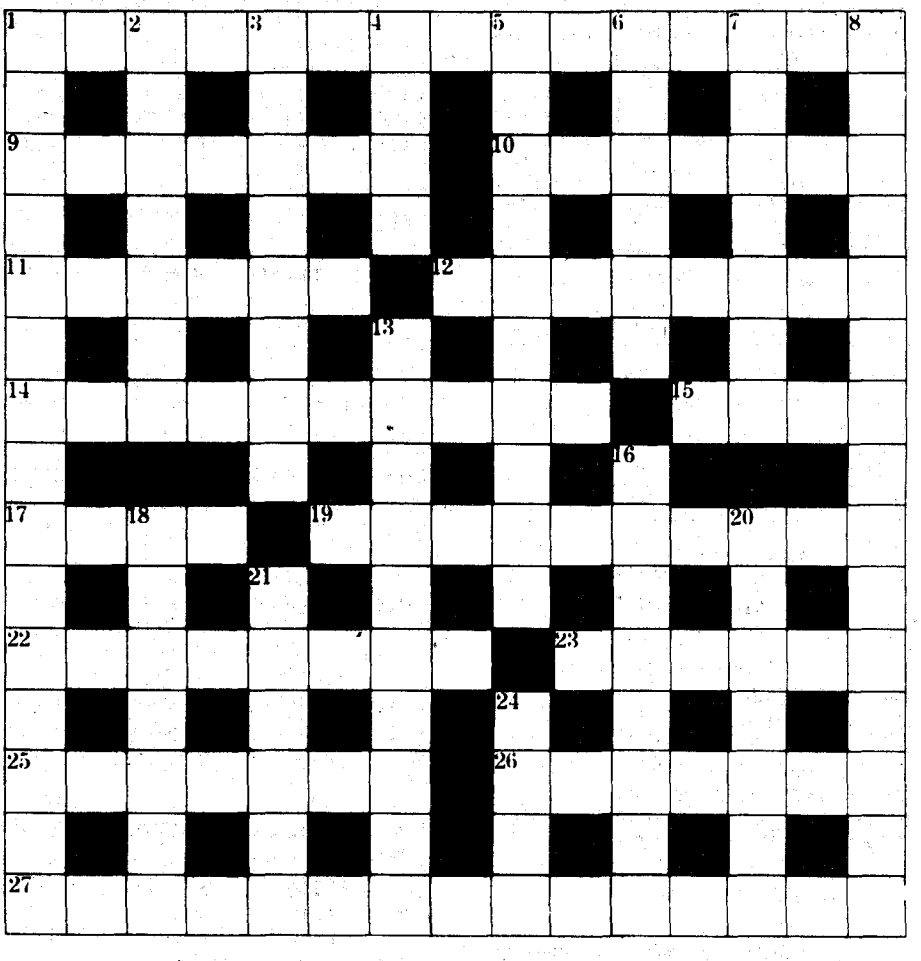
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2084

P	R	I	N	C	E	S	S	E	S	■	C	O	M	B
A	■	N	■	L	■	H	■	M	■	M	■	R	■	A
D	E	S	P	I	T	E	■	D	R	I	L	L	E	R
S	■	T	■	M	■	E	■	E	■	S	■	A	■	G
■	B	O	B	B	Y	P	I	N	■	T	O	N	G	A
D	■	R	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	A	■	D	■	I
I	D	E	A	S	■	K	N	O	C	K	D	O	W	N
S	■	■	■	P	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	■	■	E
L	A	B	Y	R	I	N	T	H	■	S	O	B	E	R
O	■	A	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	S
C	A	N	D	Y	■	C	A	R	D	I	N	A	L	■
A	■	S	■	E	■	A	■	W	■	N	■	S	■	F
T	E	H	E	R	A	N	■	I	M	P	A	S	T	O
E	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	S	■	U	■	I	■	O
D	O	E	S	■	I	N	V	E	S	T	M	E	N	T

LOCAL ONE AMALGAMATED LITHOGRAPHERS UNION LABEL NEW YORK X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 2085

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 17 Pages shouldn't! (Does it mean you can't read the Bible straight if you do?) (4,2,4,1,4,4)
9 A wandering nomad is likely to be found in Wisconsin. (7)
10 They produce spores in the presence of free oxygen, (When sick inside, one might have to take a cab back.) (7)
11 Comparisons are reputedly made with force, having indications of debts. (6)
12 Possibly the skew-ends, where "happenings" are collected. (4,4)
14 By which one used to see the parade, though what the crusader might carry doesn't end up heavy. (10)
15 One of those things both rodents and humans reputedly foul up. (4)
17 See 1 across
19 It turns out to be the Swiss, implying good thinking. (4,6)
22 Were the old serials like this, or is it just incidental? (8)
23 Quite a number, as I commonly imagine. (6)
25 Time they showed up on the screen, during the Olympics! (7)
27 Miles around Le Grand, possibly, but it's use wouldn't be vulgar. (8,7)

DOWN

1 Starts coming in order to get a numerical listing on Nessie's hangout, making it with ease. (15)
2 You might find one in the steering mechanism more colorful. (7)
3 Huguenots sort of miss the central point, which is not looked for. (8)
4 And the point with sepia is that it's supposed to be as good as a nod. (4)
5 Start with the furniture display of 1 down, and when properly prepared, do the fixed meal this way. (5,1,4)
6 Perhaps meet up with part of your electricity bill, if you're not directly supplied. (6)
7 How to get some things running smoothly in what some people hope will come in. (3,4)
8 One might with toast. (It implies the old "demon" takes a person's physical well-being.) (5,4,6)
13 What might be dangerous for take-off, about to come up with a crawler. (10)
16 Half the tropical tree has a bell-like sound, but some cells might make it grow by this. (8)
18 Look in a warm place inside. (7)
20 Really, Ehrich Weiss was a truly amazing fellow! (7)
24 The pen has a point, and swell consequence with this. (4)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's your chance to achieve a small moral victory.

Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

What would you do if you saw a lost, frightened child?

You'd probably stop, pick him up, brush away his tears, and help him find his way. Without even thinking about it. And there's a reason.

You know what's right.

And right now, you can do just that. You can act on instinct...by reaching out to *one* desperately poor child, thousands of miles away.

Through Foster Parents Plan, you'll be helping a child who almost never has enough to eat. A decent place to sleep. Medical care. The chance to learn. Or hope.

It's your choice.

You can even choose the child you'd like to sponsor. A boy or girl. In a country where *you'd* like to help. You'll be helping that child within his own family. And more, helping that family to work with other families to make a better life for their children.

In return, you'll receive pictures of the child. Detailed progress reports. And letters written in the child's own words. You'll see for yourself just how much you're changing your Foster Child's life for the better. Forever. And for so little.

In fact, for just $22 a month, you'll make it possible for a child to have food, medical care, schooling—and hope. That's only 72¢ a day. Imagine. Your spare change could change a child's life.

Foster Parents Plan was founded in 1937 and this year will aid over 236,000 Foster Children and their families in more than 20 countries. We are non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political, and respect the culture and religion of the families we assist. Of course, your sponsorship is 100% tax-deductible, and a detailed annual report and financial statement are available on request.

Please don't wait.

If you saw a helpless child on the street, you wouldn't wait. You'd help that instant. Please don't wait now, either. Send in the coupon—or call toll-free 1-800-556-7918.

And achieve a small moral victory that can make a big difference to a needy child.

To start helping even faster, call toll-free:

1-800-556-7918

In R I call 401-738-5600

Detach and mail or call toll-free today.

F436

Send to:
Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02887

I wish to become a Foster Parent to a: ☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

Age: ☐ 6–8 ☐ 9–11 ☐ 12–14 ☐ Any age 6–14

☐ **Wherever the need is greatest,** or as indicated below:

☐ Africa	☐ Egypt	☐ Honduras	☐ The Philippines
☐ Bolivia	☐ El Salvador	☐ India	☐ Thailand
☐ Colombia	☐ Guatemala	☐ Indonesia	

☐ Enclosed is a check for $22 for my first month's support of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring. Within 15 days I will make my decision.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms.

Address Apt. #

City State Zip

Foster Parents Plan.®
It's the right thing to do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED